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Marie De Pontoise

AND OTHER POEMS.

By J. Puntis.

In memory of

James J. Donovan

from a gift by

Mr. John C. McHose

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MARIE DE PONTOISE

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

J. PUNTIS.

LONDON:
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DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF NORTHBROOK.

My Lord,

Your lordship's kindness, in so readily accepting the dedication of this Volume of Poems, will ever be remembered by me with much gratitude.

I would that my words could have the power to add to the renown of, or to shed renewed lustre on, your noble and illustrious name. The association gives me all, and I can in return give nothing, save a heart-felt feeling of gratitude; still I joyfully cherish in my breast a lasting remembrance of your kind, cheering, and generous words.

Truth would bear too much the likeness of flattery, were I to express all that is in my mind. Suffice it, then, that I subscribe myself, in perfect respect,

Your Lordship's

Most humble and obedient Servant,

J. PUNTIS.

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MARIE DE PONTOISE.

THE past
Is but a picture uncurtained;
Left for the present and future
To finish—to paint in high lights—
Relieve the masses of shadow,
Soften down the harsh tints laid on
Lavishly—unsparingly—crude,
Somb'rous in ignorance plastered,
By pallet-knife in rough masses,
Dismal, drear, nearly all shadow.
Scarcely will earth's 'lotted time
Sufficient be to well finish
The touches the picture needeth;
History's glazing scarce dry off,
Ere fadeth past, and the present
Will have no more any future
For time to redeem the blackness,
The shadows gloomy and sombre,
Painted by ignorance too heavy.

Can we who worship
The vast Chief of worlds as we please,
As hearts and feelings deem proper,
Sit 'neath our own vine and fig tree,
None daring of "fear" to whisper,
Our hearts' aspirations rising,
Soaring, cleaving heaven—or else
On the earth-clods down grovelling,
In dark unbelief impotent?
Can we, to whom none dare whisper
With emphasis penal, "Heretic,"
Understand our forefathers' woes,
Hung like steel fetters around them,
Forcing belief to simulate
Love for the thing that they hated,
Or else, fire, sword, and the scaffold,
Would consume all that could perish?

Our lines are cast
In pleasant places; and not freer
The wind that courses o'er the top
Of mountains huge and soughs among
The rustling leaves of shady trees,
Sighing thro' the lonely valley,
Sweeping o'er the desert drear,
Chilling life on the Frozen Sea,
Whistling among the taut cordage
Of well-found vessels in the storm,
Fanning with zephyrus softness

Lovers in their balmy bowers,
Coyly catching their shy whispers,
Laughing at their dreams of earth,
And its lasting—everlasting
Felicities. Not freer the winds
Than our thoughts and worship this day.
The fruit of fierce pangs of labour;
Struggles wherein perished strong ones.
Word by word has the charter been
Written in blood of the bravest,
Inscribed in trembling hopefulness,
Like the first grey dawn of morning;
When the sun quietly, meekly
Peeps o'er the startled horizon,
Lifts off earth's mantle of darkness
Till, refulgent, the hemisphere
Is flooded with his glorious and
Brilliant radiance; and his power
Is vast, mighty, over all things.
So to-day are our liberties,
From glim'ring grown into fulness,
No more to go back! Let us say it.
France has somewhat awoke from her
Folly of hounding her subjects
To perish at the will of the
Priesthood: somewhat awoke; but we
Will relate of the time when black,
Utter darkness enveloped the
Country, and persecutions were

Chronic and diabolical
Thro' the nation.

Marie de Pontoise,
At the time of which we are rélating,
Was in the full flush of youth and beauty;
The suns of nineteen summers had scarcely
Shed their beneficent rays over her,
Or the frosts and storms of nineteen winters
Entranced nature and raged in her presence;
Yet she could claim the care of a husband,
And with her whole heart fondly loved him;
He also felt his life wrapped up in hers,
And she knew that alone he well loved her,
So in return gave to him her whole heart,
Loving, trusting, and clinging unto him,
The weaker one around the much stronger,
So loved Marie and her husband.

She sat in her chamber,
High up in the lofty tower of the
Hoar old Castle of Pontoise, there chosen;
So that from her window far away could
She see the first flutter of the pènnon
That told her of her husband's returning,
Of his speedy embracing her to him.
List'ning, oft would she hear from her window
The glad chaunt of some fisherman toiling
And moiling hard upon the deep waters.

Oft would the flowers of her memory
Bloom in the stillness of her weariness;
She, Panthea, enthralled with the love of
Abradates, living, hoping she for
His coming, ready to die if ought should
Harmful ever befal him, dreamed that the
Cestus of Paphia encircled her tightly
As he came near to her; as the fledglings
Look for their mother, so she for her dear
Husband's returning.

Thrilled in her window, the eve roseate;
Mists slowly grew over the hills, and the
Valleys enveloped in their shrouding glamour;
The tree tops were all hushed to dead silence,
And quiet was the song of the fisherman.
The sad, pale moonbeams were still absorbed by
The grand, glowing diapason sun-rays,
Both laving together the dark waters.
Azrael, the angel of death, had but just,
Riding on a cold blast through the window,
Caused her a shuddering and trembling.
Sad 'tis that the cypress and orange buds
Mingle and blossom thus together; that
From the top of Hope's lofty imagining
There's but half a step to cruel Destiny.
The mellow and the beautiful thrilling
Dissolve to the shadow of shuddering;
Hope, and spirit dies, sinks below zero,

When the cold breath of Azrael is near us.
When he is, it may be, on a mission
Of friendship to some sad, lonely mourner,
Then 'tis his raven wings flapping out of
The Heavens—the life of the air that man
Breatheth—that quick causeth the heart-strings to
Flutter, and unconsciousness be full of
Vibration. Life's fabric is only the
Lacework—the gossamer-spun threads of the
Parcæ, worked on the cushion of destiny,
Suspended to close over the vision of
Azrael. Death is but the shadow of life,
Gliding through the exit of Time's portal,
And transformed on the threshold for ever.
As easily as do the fine-spun threads
Of the spider get broke and frayed quickly,
Does life, the frail fabric of Lachesis,
Yield to the mysterious its power,
And the rustling and fraying is over.

Marie's young husband
Was brave, handsome, and full of much manhood,
Unselfish, as generous hearts must be,
When man faithfully acts up to his nature.
Stoops not to live by crafty deceiving,
But rises true to his noblest instincts;
Never forgets that, so far as his manhood,
Earth bears on her bosom none superior;
Yet cheerfully gives respect and homage

To those in authority over him;
Acknowledges the needs be of ranks,
And the needs be of grades in society.
So Joseph de Pontoise, Marie's husband,
Felt, lived, and had hitherto steered clear of
Offending those too easily offended,
Even Rome's children impatient.

Azrael, the angel of death,
Gazed on Marie in full flush of beauty,
Half repented the mission he was on,—
The warrant that he had the enforcing;
But Azrael was only a servant, and
Of his own will could do nothing.

Marie's young husband
Was staunch in his belief of the freedom
Of truth, and man's great need of much knowledge;
That around him were secrets resplendent,
To be his by much fighting and wrestling.
No vast immensities could appal him;
He deemed free as the air of the heaven,
Should be beliefs and creeds of all beings.

Well he remembered
Tales of the past, when much persecution
Embittered the lives of all men so thinking—
Of his father, who had done good service
For the Huguenots in days long gone by,

When fierce, cruel, fiery warring and bloodshed
Had tried hard Truth's grand light to extinguish.
When sweet music was heretic's moaning,
Rome's lambs fed on the breaths of the dying;
Their hunger for the slaughter unglutted
Till there came a forced lull in their passions.
And so, like spring swallows quickly darting,
And cleaving through the sun-lit bright heavens,
Before the winter's harsh breath has vanished,
Came the famous Edict of Nantes, and so
The de Pontoises fondly imagined that
Summer was come to their longings, and that
The winter of strife was over—that too—
For ever.

Joseph was the eldest of the brothers
De Pontoise, and he was the lov'd husband
Of Marie. Thomas and William the rest
Of the family,—these all of the house
Then remaining.

Marie sat at her window in
The tower of the castle of Pontoise—
The castle of her husband, and where his
Noble and brave brothers then resided.
In Lisle troublous times were coming to them;
But "The Edict" had still force remaining,
The wolves and the jackals were now silent,
Tho' not dead, for the scent of their presence

The atmosphere imbued indefinable;
And the close boughs of the green trees murmured
Softly to each other of their growlings;
While the wan rolling clouds chased thro' heaven,
Vaporous, like ramparts grimly warning,
And the hearts of the Huguenots were thus
Heavy, for the load of persecution
Was but partially lifted from off them.
The Edict had calmed some of their troubles;
For the Father of all safely was worshipped
Without the taint of burning or bloodshed.
The umbrage of blight seemed to be dying,
And the cancer to be healed over,
Making fair show, alas! tho' loathsome, and
Pitiless old memories made their lair
In the hearts of the held-back, cruel feigners.
The cancer was but empirically
Treated—so not properly healed but on
The outside.

Man's soul, like the swell of
The ocean, restless—tossing—imperious,
In the throes of infinite desiring;
Fed on phantàsmic illusions of Peace—
Illusions towards that great abysmal,
Where only the quiet dead in oblivion,
In solemn silence, are at peace.
Marie, sitting at her window in the
High tower of the castle of Pontoise,

Pondered well her early belief over;
For she had not outwardly forsaken
The teachings that in childhood were planted.
Joseph, her husband, had thus her married,
Agreeing that, as she should well please, she
The Supreme Being, should ever worship.
Love, the grand, strong leveller of all things,
Had unequally yoked them together;
He was loving, trusting, and faithful, and
She was true, fond, clinging, and tendersome.
Simple in her faith, altho' Romish; more
Of a true Christian than many who oft
Dreamed bodings fearful, inarticulate,
Of the poisonous fangs of the daughter of
Babylon. Marie bent her neck to the
Incarnation of arrogance – to the
Intangible phantom of Religion;
While he, like an imperial conqueror,
Lived in the mind's freedom he had wrestled,
Maugre the blood-drunken, and o'ercloyed with
Filthy lucre, such as won off Demas
From his excellent and good following;
Maugre the clothed in the swathes of a Tiara,
Bound triply—a huge and a colossal,
Mailed bloated body of deception; lived,
And felt he was free.

No leader had he but
The Supreme! the grand Ruler of all things.

And the red, reeking folds of the garments
Which the sacrificers called, " God's own livery ! "
Clothed in which, they hurled forth damnation, and
Piled up huge hecatombs of blood-stained and
Innocent bodies—stark, stiffened, one day
To rise up their sure, damning accusers—
He revolted from their ruling, and no
Terrors had they for him, or any one
Of the family— save—alas ! save
Poor young Marie.

And she sat and
Watched for her well-loved husband returning—
Returning from that Paris the fairest,
Most excellent city of christendom.
Yet its Promethean grand visage marred by
The blast of diabolic bacchanals.
Lust loathly offered up a libation ;
A smouldering altar of Infernus,
Like beauty with a parasite creeping
Beneath the so soft, tender, voluptuous,
Inspiring, damask-lovely complexion
To hideously transform till the mocking
Of demons mark her destruction.
A whisper had come unto Joseph,
Soft and intangible jubilation,
Of Rome's greedy votaries unsated ;
And dreadful was the thought of its meaning.
Thus Joseph was on a mission with his

Brothers on behalf of the Protestants
To the king—to inquire—to petition,
That the famous and relieving edict—
The Edict of Nantes, might for ever be
Ratified—prolonged—and not be cancelled.
And so, not knowing how they had fared,
Or e'en how their great mission had ended,
Marie sat—oft gazing from her window,
List'ning to many busy murmurings;
The sonorous loud sound of bells chiming;
The plaintive notes of loving doves cooing;
The rustling of the breeze thro' the ivy
Which tenaciously clung round her casement;
The song of the fisher on the water,
Beneath her window, she had heard plainly.

Oppressively silent seemed her chamber,
As the echo of a sigh she had just
Breathed, as she saw not those coming for whom
Her heart yearned; and her whole soul, famished wi
Longing, now waited.
Sadly she mused o'er the calm of the city,
With its outward appearance all so fair—
Fair—beautiful: and yet beneath reeking
With the throbbings of lust unglutted, the
Lust of the votaries of papacy,
In the name, too, of the Temple of Love;
Even "Jesus"—deliriously hounding
God's creatures to the fire and the scaffold.

Many the word of their king trusted ;
Others, too, well knew how relentless his
Hatred against the reformers, and how
His ambitious, dark bosom throbbed to
Revoke the good deed of Henry the Fourth :
So the Huguenots made preparations, and
Waited the worst that might happen to them :
Plotted, may be, treasonable plottings,
But the immeasurable majesty
Of Freedom, irradiating the pure
Primeval nature immaculate once,
Still labours in the throes of the human
Soul ; owning no thrall save the ideal of
" Thy neighbour as thyself well love, and do
Unto him as thy inmost heart would so
Desire that he should e'er unto you do."
For liberty ! unerringly panteth
And sigheth the soul : Liberty ! grand, and
Untramelled by shackles forged in foundries
Of rank and of rude superstition, and
Welded by credulity a mass so
Uncongenial that flees Freedom's Angel.
The windows of Heaven blaze with radiance,
And its vaulted roof peals out Hallelujahs,
When Man's life goes back to its first meaning,
And its crushed spirit e'en feebly grapples,
Hold the chains and gyves, which much corruption
And stale old custom have locked but too fast :
Then the wondrous bright light empyrean

Flashing, the source of Liberty's halo—
But too bright for mere mortals to bask in,
Lest imperfect knowledge should breed licence—
Irradiates the gloom of the dungeon;
The prison'd soul gazes thro' the bars for
Freedom. The dank miasma; the loathing
Of life and its down-cringing and crushing
By hydra-headed tyrants and despots,
Fades! Hope, once in man quite perfect, because
Fulfilled, burns brightly, and so tyranny
Hides its green visage in its birthplace, e'en
Hell! she welcoming very coldly the
Shadow of herself, tho' most beloved,
Back to its substance whence sprang it.
All glory to struggles for Liberty!
All shame to the wallowers in licence!
Not always is the palm justly bestowed;
Our eyes are blinded to the merits of
Some upheavals,—and clamour and chat'ring
Faction get confounded with righteousness;
But when the last shot is fired, and all 's o'er,
The victors in liberty's struggle are
Patriots! worthy of crowns of immortelle;
But if losers! Ah, if losers they're traitors
Soon headless.

The brothers had ne'er heeded Marie,
As they talked of their oft secret meetings;
Of delegates from Dunkirk and Orange,

And the strength they possessed for resisting.
The treasonable documents and papers
Connected with the conspiracy of
Pure defending, they had thus locked away
Safely, and that, too, in Marie's presence;
For if the mission that they were on
Proved productive of welcome assurance,
No more need for plotting or conspiring.

Marie pondered o'er these things,
As she still watched from the window in the
High tower of the castle of Pontoise.
She thought of the words of the excellent
Pastor of the Protestant Church in the
City of Lisle. His text, "There's a need be
For woes, offences, and persecutions, but
Woe unto those who them cause and bring."
No words to enlighten or convert her
Had ever passed the lips of her husband;
And the words of the Protestant pastor
On matter of faith and of sound doctrine
Had sunken no deeper than the ripples
On the mirrowed lake by summer's breeze fanned.
But had anyone said she'd have betrayed
Her husband and her brothers to the stake
Or the scaffold, like Peter the faithless,
The accusation would she have fiercely
And angrily denied.

Alas! the blight of the world is
Caused by too much trusting unconsidering;
Thus the brothers thought not of the bishop,
Her ghostly adviser and consoler—
Thought not of the snare of her confession,
Of the thoughtless, unthinking one kneeling,
Cowering before an earthworm, listening
To the secrets pregnant with destruction,
Impotent in chains of superstition,
To keep back a thought from his hearing.
Shall our secret, love-woven thoughts then be
Surrendered to any being living?
If my arm steal around her tenderly,
If she on my warm breast lean so fondly,
If, burning, my lips often press her lips,
Till like fierce fire my blood with love burneth,
She yielding them to me responsively,
In close embrace, thus thro' the soft moonlight,
If she me with her eyes glowing pierceth,
And I am thus smitten with ecstasy
With her whom my soul ever fondly loveth,
The Foliage's delicate tracery
Shall surely muffle us safely in its
Secresy, and man never knows by our
Confession, nor yet by any other,
Whispering our thoughts neath the laurels, and
Trembling, discreet, silent Asphodels.

As anxiously Marie was watching,

Azrael also patiently was watching ;
She breathed an anxious prayer to the Virgin,
And also to the saint her great patron,
That they would her husband and her brother
Bring safely that night back to the castle.
Then into a musing fell Marie,
Musing of days long gone by, and so the
Hours flew unheeded.
A low, distinct, seeming weird knocking
Soon startled from her reverie Marie ;
Imperious, commanding, yet stealthy,
Came the loud knocking quicker and faster.
Marie's glad heart leaped up in her bosom,
As she heard quietly turned round in its
Socket the spindle which the safe latchet
Should unfasten, and so draw back the bolt
From its hiding.

" Can he, my heart's idol, unseen by me,
Have thus spurned the long distance beneath him,
And have come to the sound of the flutt'ring
Of my fond heart? Already it welcomes
His presence, and throbs with love's melody
Thrilling. No flaunting flutt'ring of pennons
Across the dark waters made dull hope
Brighten, or bewrayed his speedy coming ;
Oh ! sad, sad my dreaming ! but how delicious
Its ending ! "

So saying, with steps fleet, soft, and supple,
She glided to the door, and soon undid
The bolts fast'ning. Then bounded on the side,
That, when open, the door would quite hide her.

Her glad eyes with melody singing,
"He will not see me; I will towards him;
Throw myself on his bosom; he will, oh!
He will then press me close, close to his heart,
And I shall be happy!"

Still creaked the spindle impatiently,
The knocking grew louder—more arrogant,
And all her thoughts flitted and flashed thro'
Her brain in less time than we tell of it.

"Impatient love? Ha! did not expect
Me in hiding! O, the carol of my
Young life! The carol of my beautiful
Spring. The blossoms and breezes; the flowers—
Thine and mine is the joyance."

Stood behind her, watching, waiting,
Azrael's shadow shrouded in the gloaming.
He waiting there by mighty sufferance—
The unseen, awful shadow.

Slowly opened the door of her chamber,
Slowly walked into the privacy of
Her room in the tower of the castle,
Bishop Baluè!

Suppressed was the scream that
Rose to the edge of her quickly white lips.
How different proved the comer from him
She expected would greet her in fond love.
Fast imbibed her perplexity the fine
Tracery of conscience superstitious;
The subtle instinct of the tree's budding,
Boughs, early training, and prudent pruning,
So imbued her overwrought feelings, that
Athwart her, near akin unto sickly,
Forebodings multitudinous came with
Grim, bony fingers—tightened hold on her,
Wrought in her heart fell and dire confusion.
Incontinent, she, gasping in weakness,
Murmured in pitiful accents:

"Good Father, your coming
Has—has somewhat over surprised me.
Could, sir, no serving maiden announce you?
This chamber is scarcely fit to meet in;
But, you're welcome. I kneel for your blessing.
That given, we will descend to some other
More suitable—comfortable—chamber."

"Not so, fair Marie de Pontoise," was the
Bishop's rejoinder: "I learnt from your maids,
Waiting downstairs, your place of much watching,
And told them I would meet you here, and here,
If you so please, we will for awhile talk

Of much that 's heavy on my bosom to
Talk to you of, my dear young lady; yet,
As we may be surprised, I will surely
Lock safe as I found your door fastened,
So that no pestilent heretic may
Intrude on our words of deep meaning."

Numb, like the snow on the mountain,
Trusting as worried birds trust the fowler;
No compassionate heart to nestle in,
Or give her tremulous, fell dismay to
Its anodyne safe-keeping, she sat down
On her low chair by the small window, and
Bishop Baluè leaning over her,
Passed his hands across her fair head in a
Soothing and fatherly manner:

"You are watching, my child,
For the coming of him who calleth you—
Who claimeth you his wife, and who loves you?
Nay, blush not, for 'tis lawful; 'tis writ that
A wife should cling to her husband."

Then he inwardly murmured,
"But not unto a heretic husband."
Marie heard not of the awful flaw in
The spiritual warrant of her loving;
Understood not that the ruth of his words

Were a malison cruel, agonizing,
When the masking should be lifted off them.
" List, child," continued the Bishop:
" When your now sainted mother was dying,
And the angels and saints were round watching,
The heavens were glowing like the burning
Of a pyre lit up by spirits mystic:
The beatific, born of the chrism,
Came mingling with the sounds of our 'Gloria,'
A song soul-dissolving and beautiful,
Tho' unseen were the madrigal singers,
And these words were the theme of their singing:
'Mother and child 'sunder must be riven;
The lamb must be left to mate with the wolf.
The balmy winds of heaven, at her birth,
Lifted off her the dew of the morning.
Luxuriant she'll grow up too lovely,
Fair misgrowth of illusion cajoling;
To woe, to everlasting perdition,
The dank air of the pit lone shall fan her,
When the hour of her death shall be coming.
And the blight of the night shall enfold her,
Because she has forsaken the true Church—
Glided, receding from Holy Mother.'

" 'Heard you that chaunting?'
Breathed your mother. 'Marie, little Marie!
Oh, how I love her!' Then the dark labyrinth
Of death she 'gan treading, and the mazes

Of the Eternal untwining—fluttering
Her pure spirit hovered—then wrested it
Back to its frail tenement, echoing these
Words in its rapture:

"'Marie! look after Marie! To the Church,
To her namesake I leave her; we shall meet
One day, meet in the haven—the haven——'
The last note of the lyre was then stricken;
The chords melted away into silence;
The divine To-morrow had come to her.
But you, dear Marie, still you are living,
A grand, full-tuned symphony of being;
Yet notes clashing in minors—harsh—jarring,
Requiring the hand of the musician,
Even of a merciful Father."

Marie bowed her head in her fair hands,
While the tears trickled fast thro' her fingers.
The memory of her mother had called up
A vivid tho' desolate remembrance;
While her tender and distorted conscience
Clasped her heart tightly in slavish embrace,
Her mother, with piteous gestures, seemed to
Call to her out of the heavens.

"Father, wherein have I sinned?
Teach me. My husband never hinders me
From mass or offering my orisons
To Heaven—to the Mother—or to——"

"Hush, simple one, thinkest thou that
The nest of the eagle or the vulture
Can be clean from the rank pestilence of
Carrion; there its foul sepulture maketh,
Reeking, tainting the pure air. Or can the
Orgies of lazarettes, awful, loathsome,
Call up no drear shudder to the tender,
The pure—the chaste and innocent maiden?
The breath of the heretic!—a vampire,
Horribly scorching and destroying the
Celestial purity of innocence.
Down! down on thy knees in true repentance,
Before hell's serried foemen quite consume thee!
When last was thy full confession given
To holy Priest, to Church, or to Heaven?
The last act but perdition's wrack, scaling
God's precipitous seat, to be baffled—
To be hurled to the bosom of hell fire.
Hark! list to the vesper's bell tolling! the
Placebo for thy mother's soul shall
Now ascend incensed by thy repentance.
So that the cruel and merciless thrall of
Her still remorseless purgation shall be
Lifted off by the hands of the angels."

One glance of despair for his
Pennon, one last faint hope of his coming,
For the glad vision of him her soul loved,
Ere impotent her strength away dwindling,

Murmuring piteously, with meaningless
Mutterings 'neath superstition's heavy
Incubus, crushing out, killing the last
Germ of hope, reluctantly she sank on
Her knees ; her head drooping listlessly o'er
Her heart's anguish wild and unspeakable,
Like the stem of the lily, bruised, broken,
Never more to be pregnant with beauty,
Never more to drink of the earth's vine-cup,
Nor inhale heaven's fragrance dissolving.
Its fate to sink down, surely if slowly,
Unrefreshed, wearied, drifting to voidness.
Her mother, her husband, and the Bishop ;
Her childhood ; her few years of great, blissful,
Overwhelming happiness, supreme and
Absorbing, faded from memory's vision.
She felt her life as not a reality,—
That she stood as if on rock, rough, rugged,
Amidst the lashing waves of the ocean,
Which should presently engulph in its dark
Bosom her hopeless and her suffering,
Her anguish-held body.

By words artful and wilily chosen,
Bishop Baluè drew from Marie her
Confession. Often he soothed her sobbing,
By enforcing the perfection of the
Secret seal of confession that bound him.
If she hesitated in betraying

Her husband and brothers and their secrets,
He terrified her heart with the thought of
The ban of Mother Church, and its shrouding
Her soul in illimitable, drear darkness ;
And so he wrung out from her bosom the
Secrets and plottings of the Pontoises,
And the very names and numbers of the
Members. Even the safe hiding-place of
The manuscripts, the roll-calls, proving that
Dunkirk, Lisle, and Orange were united
In determination to struggle for
Freedom of thought.

His work finished,
He smiled over the soul-ravished ruin
That, bleeding, a victim lay before him,
Her eyes streaming and fair hands clasped tightly.
Beseechingly she from the torturer
Seeking—imploring—absolution.

" Child, thou hast done, so far,
Well," were his harsh words ; " but list ! The Church
says,
Confession, to be acceptable, must
Be free and voluntary as the wild
Winds coursing their blast through the high heavens,
Not seeking by guile, much artifice, and
Mazy reasoning, to hide 'way precious
Knowledge from God's viceroy, sent to you.
No thought of thy bosom should be held back,

Or faintest throb of thy heart be kept from
The physician of souls who stands near thee.
Think! Can muffled chimes, faintly in deadness
Pealing prisoned notes thro' the glad heavens,
Be acceptable melody hallowed?
Nay! Nay! Some slight penance must by me be
Inflicted, ere full absolution be
Bestowed.

"Hearken now to my words!
No more from thy window shall thine eyes see
The far-off gay pennon of thy husband,
Glittering and fluttering o'er yonder.
For he and his brothers are in prison!"

"Ha, Father! My poor, poor heart! Say—oh, say
You but torture. 'Tis not true. It can't be?"

"True—true as I plainly can now see that
The damnable taint of foul heresy
Clings to thy garments. Up! up! then, and shout
Out loudly, for the triumph of the true
Church is at hand!

"The Edict of Nantes is revoked!
And the heretic spawn of the devil,
Even the Pontoises, are arrested.
Rejoice, child, with me! for what is he whom
Earth's crude, erring love binds to thy bosom,
But as the moth and the vain butterfly,

That perish with the cold blast of heaven?
Must the chief love of thy heart be for a
Heretic traitor? The cord and the fire
Shall right soon purge us from the phantom of
Schismatic, insulting rebels, cursèd.
The sword of the Lord and of Gideon is
Now unsheathed from its scabbard, and it is
High lifted, to be wielded in striking
At the heresy of Luther and Calvin.
Can the mediciner by his cordials
And balsams pluck from the racked bosom the
Growing cancer polypous, poisonous,
Deadly? No! The keen knife must be firmly
And unsparingly used to cut clean out
The murderous and the multiplying
Tentacles spreading.

Do we e'er with rose water kill vipers?
Or throw scented violets unto scorpions?
No! No! Fire and sword must be hallowed,
Remorselessly the clinging roots must be
Grubbed up. Ay! e'en the roots of pestilent,
Lazaret heresy—they must be reached,
Killed—and their seedlings exterminated
For ever!

"To-morrow, as a fitting penance,
Shalt thou lead me to the secret place of
The hiding of the plotters of treason,
So that their guilty manuscripts may be

In my possession in great safety. Thus
Shalt thou do unquestioning, and be blessèd.
Heaven shall be open to thy pleadings ;
The Holy Mother shall nurse thee in her
Sacred bosom serenely, and the balm,
Holy chrism, shall heal all thy wounding."

"Oh me!" sobbed the heart-broken poor Marie :
"Oh me! am I dreaming—direly dreaming?
Mother in heaven! oh look down on me!
In mercy and pity on thy poor child!
What! What have I then done by confessing?
Betrayed my husband to his murderers?
Away, sir! away! I thus renounce thee,
And all thy cruel, thy bewraying teaching!
I will summon my followers now to my
Assistance. Help! Help!"

Then senseless she fell,
Innocent of all woe or its meaning ;
The dim shadow of Azrael drew near her;
But the inheritor in possession of
Her racked, tortured tenement—tho' asleep—
Refused to give up his possession ; and
Her blanched, quivering lips opened, thrilling
Piteously, while her pure soul was eclipsed
By the struggle of life and Azrael.
Bishop Baluè was far removed from

The feeling of the heart called pity;
He could have murdered all the innocents,
At Herod's fierce command, without moving
So much as a fibre in mere pity;
And the sickening screams of bereaved Rachel,
At the blinding sight of her massacred
Infants, would have moved his heart no more
Than would be moved the tiger at the moan,
The despair, of his innocent victim.
Glorious the teaching that could harden
A heart like Bishop Baluè's was hardened!

"Like a good sponge and dry," said the Bishop,
"Put into liquid, soaks up much moisture,
Have I extracted from this weak one the
Very lees of her heart and her knowledge.
True, her bosom is fair, and her visage
Is charming—entrancing, and were I but
A few steps lower down old Time's ladder,
My hot blood——but Pshaw! Nonsense! her dewy,
Her ripe lips are not made for mine's pressure.
Ha! she is stirring! I will leave her, and
To-morrow—I shall find her here watching,
For my true spies will keep her locked safely.
Farewell then, beautiful young Marie! thy
Confusion, luxurious, has called o'er,
Responsively, life's gloaming a memory
I thought long since was dead and buried. In
Thy disarray, till I bid—be at peace!"

So saying, he left
The presence of Marie, still senseless, still
The frail, delicate essence, imbibed by
Azrael, whose shadow grew, and grew, larger.

The city of Lisle awoke from
Its slumber o'erburdened with the shadow
Of evil to come. The political
Horizon was dreary in its outlook,
And the chill wind, gusting thro' the silent
Streets, bore on its bosom portentous the
Subtle warnings of Fate. Already had
The city grovelled 'neath the tyrant Charles,
And the more merciless Catherine.
Its very stones still were stained with the blood
Of the noblest and the best of her sons.
Noble and simple, young, old—all passed thro'
The cruel, fiery ordeal of martyrdom.
On their journey angels smoothed the rough road,
And made it lead to the realms of the Most
High—the Ruler of heaven.

The Angel of the Apocalypse
Paused over the city, and viewed the blood-
Stained streets, trampled with the remorseless hordes
Of Papists, blind with blundering fury,
Discharging from its frail clay tenement
The soul, not knowing that then it floated

To its Maker, lighter than thistle-down travels,
Swifter than a ray from the sun,
Or lightning's flash rives the dark heavens.

Fama, as yet, was but
The vanguard of the fast coming army
Of tidings. Light as cirrous vapours, now
But sensations of evil, yet swiftly
To merge into twain-clouds, pregnant with storms.
Whispers, like ripples on water from a
Centre, disturbed by great plashing, circling,
Were heard in the air. Little tho' deemed the
City that humanity's fair garden
Would be outraged, and its fairest trees be
Torn up by the roots, to be transplanted
To soils more congenial; deemed not that
The branches should be hauled to the burning;
That sacrificial fires should shame heaven;
Cause her to curse the monster cockatrice
To which man had turned, under the warming,
Priestly, intolerant incubation.
He whom Charlemagne only could equal
Should be blinded enough to lop off the
Choice, the fruit-bearing limbs of his trees—
To scatter abroad such good seed to grow
In the soil of more congenial climates,
To flourish and prosper, the ornament
Of its country of adoption.

Never more in its own
Native soil should it drink of the wine of
Its birthplace. Never more should it draw from
The heavens succour, striving to flourish;
For strange homes, strange skies, must in the future
Give shelter to the expatriated,
Suffering Christians.

Lisle could not
Believe the revocation would ever come,
But upon it it came quite suddenly,
Like a thunderbolt hurled unexpectedly;
Was forced on its sense, as are strong rivets
Clenched safe home by dint of hard beating.
It could not comprehend that its king could
Hug to his heart yellow iron pyrites—
Keep them in the safest of keeping—but
Spurn from him gold, pure gold, twice refined.
Such it deemed the peaceable Hugenots,
In contrast with their blood-thirsty haters.
Rhamnusia tho' looked on approvingly,
With vengeance the helm of state she seized hold,—
Stood at the wheel to guide the tossed vessel
On to the rocks of chronic revolution.
Have we not seen unhappy France thus, so
Dashing gallantly—riding a-top of
Each foaming wave, each crested huge billow;
Floating, laughing in sunshine and gladness,
Till suddenly has come up on the far-
Off glittering horizon, the frisking

Of the mares of Dardanus, swift stirring
The elements to furious anger,
Unseen by the blind crew and watchers till,
Too—too late to avert the disaster?
The whirlwind sown by the dire persecution,
Springing up the furious storm overwhelming,
Or destruction hovering without warning.
The reaping time most surely on coming,
Their ears stopped against the gloomy soughing,
The moanings of the wind thro' the heavens.

Rhamnusia, at the helm, viewing a sheer
Beetling, precipitous cliff, 'long side which
They're gliding in safety. Without one word,
No warning, her hair streaming out behind,
Retribution helping turn the wheel till,
"Hard a port" goes rudder—dismay, horror,
Consternation, transfix the crew and the
Passengers: for, as a sped arrow, the
Vessel bounds on the swell of the ocean,
Swerving impetuously, obediently—
Rushes, mad at the snorting of Boreas;
Charges the fixed adamant. A crashing,
Mixed up with shrieks of despairing, and then
Rolling back in the trough of the waters,
With a gurgle and a groan, engulphed in a whirlpool,
Gyres for a few moments on the face of
The innocent-looking, treacherous waters.
The only mark of its entombment: some

Escape on fragments by the returning
Water, to build again, and again be
Destroyed.

Long, tiresome, and drearysome,
The journey up the high mountain, step by
Step, difficulty with difficulty,
Is grappled, overcome, conquered. The glory
Of an empire 's not built in a decade.
Step by step is the climbing. But when the
Top is scaled, and ambition sated with
Fulfilment, incomprehensible space
Spreading upwards, nothing more left to
Conquer ; then the care is required to stand
Safely. Prudence should dictate and guide all
Actions, lest vertigo steal unaware
Across the valley—Providence forsake
Ambition clothed in pride's panoply, and
Topples o'er the climber. From peak to peak
Falling—clutching—hoping—despairing—till,
Humiliation's valley reached, quickly
Ambition for climbing for awhile quenched,
With need for rehabilitation.

Louis the Grande
Was a climber whose kingdom had reached to
A pitch of vast excellence—but he knew
Not how to let well alone. From the time
His brain conceived the thought of revoking

The "Edict of Nantes." Rhamnusia held the
Helm of the country, and misfortunes and
Decay were sown broadcast, to bring forth a
Crop of misfortunes o'erwhelming, awful!
Louis from his high estate fell, and his
Country has been since tossed and troubled like
With throes and groans of hidden heavings, in
Mountains volcanic: fire e'er and again
Bursting forth in fury, consuming the
Life and the beauty, and threatening earth's
Very existence.

Bishop Baluè, of Lisle, awoke
Very early. His first act was to gaze
From his window on the o'erclouded sky
Of the morning. But few of the busy
Moilers of the city at that moment
Had yawned on their couches, ere waking to
The reality of life's duties and
Its struggles. This was the dawn after the
Evening when the Bishop had left, on the
Floor of her chamber, poor Marie. He had
Told some of her maidens to attend her,
To watch her; so he felt sure she was safe.

He threw open his oratory
Window, and its hinges grated harshly
As the casement moved back on its pivots.
He felt the cold damp air of the morning

Fan his wan cheeks, and play with the straggling
Grey hairs 'neath his tonsure.

Raising proudly its turrets, in
The distance stood out 'gainst the grey sky the
Hoary walls of the Castle de Pontoise.
Eagerly he gazed on the tower which
He knew contained the chamber where Marie,
He deemed, still cowered, waiting his coming.
The perpendicular line he saw was
The thick flagstaff on the highest tower,
On which for ages had unflinchingly
Floated out to the heavens the ensign
Of the Pontoises. He heeded not the
Co!d breeze, nestled in his warm covering,
Pregnant with dire news, o'erladen with a
Dreary tragic secret;—knew not the bright
Ray of the sun gleaming a second thro'
The heavy banks of clouds; that this rift was
Made by the forcing thro' of [illegible]ael with
His burden of death; and the flashing was
Blinding him back to earth, lest too near to
The Holy City he should fly, and scale
Its walls in rebellion against the King;—
Knew not that the chill of his marrow was
The angel passing swiftly his window,
Causing the dread air more near to his heart-
Strings to nestle.

Crossing himself devoutly,
Lest his shud'ring should have been caused by some
Angel of evil, he quickly closed the
Window, and fastened it safely before
Mutt'ring his orisons—with genuflections
Multitudinous—idolatrous. Thus
Cleansing well the outside of the platter—
The sepulchre's walls—laid the phantom of
Perdition, to shoutings of foul gloating
Demons, rejoicing that the empyrean
Could never pierce thro' this dense ignorance,
Born of superstition and much folly.
To his study he then went, to ponder
The joyful news that he so recently
Had received of the revocation of
The Edict of Nantes; of the downfall of
His enemies the De Pontoises; and his
Then moulding the city of Lisle to his
Ideas, so that no germ of heresy
Should exist in its borders.

On a table near his
Soft cushioned arm-chair laid in confusion,
Old tomes of various teachings—grand, learned,
Antagonistic and beautiful;
Old St. Jerome, Augustine, and Phædrus
Jostled Epicurus and Lucretius;
A massively-bound Missal lay on a
Copy of the Holy Scriptures in the

Vulgate; while some loose sheets of manuscript,
Untidily, on floor and on table,'
Mingled with other works, too many to
Record e'en their bare titles. Was open
Very near him—Telemachus.

His thin hands he
Briskly rubbed together as he held them
Before the fire that burned cheerfully in
The large open encaustic-tiled fire-place,
Surrounded by a very artistic and
Elaborately carved chimney-piece of
Marbles various and rare. The ruddy flames
Lit up the fluted covings, and flirted
In the shadows of the Arabesque
Festooning of the chastely moulded arched
Plafond; gilt chains suspended a superb
Chandelier, whose prisms glittered and sparkled
Like naif stones. The walls of carved wainscoat oak
Abundantly were adorned with mirrors,
Venetian figures stood in the corners,
Vases—many and beautiful—were borne
On brackets of brass burnished; the plinth of
Ebony polished. The carpet, of pile
Soft as velvet, muffled in its yielding
The slightest suspicion of a foot-fall.
The large curtains hung in rich folds, ready
To be drawn across the painted windows,
Thro' which the sun's rays saturated the

Floor, walls, and furniture, with colours of
Magical brightness. Medieval the chairs,
Tho' softly cushioned. The hand of luxury
Was on all things, intertangling the senses,
Lulling to exquisite unconsciousness
The poetry of life; and its tracery,
On the subtle essence intellect,
Leaving a rich and fragrant aroma.

The Bishop drew 'cross the window the curtains,
To shut out the glimmering daylight, and
Threw himself into his chair near the fire;
Rested his feet on the leopard's-skin rug,
In front of the chaste damaskeen'd fender;
Wrapped round his thin form a coat of sable
And ermine; fixed his eyes on the ceiling;
And expressed himself in words—portents
Of evil—as he soliloquised:—

"Ha! ha! I am certainly deserving
Some honour. What says Plautus concerning
Wise men: '*Feliciter is sapit qui*
Periculo alieno sapit!'
Very true, Plautus; for good I have well
Studied your writings. Marie de Pontoise!
Ah! she must end her days in a convent.
I fear we shall not bring her in as a
Heretic. The deed of her confession
Will go far towards her soul saving; and
Fasting, penance, and macerations shall,

With the good work already done, go far
To save her from perdition everlasting."

A smile flitted o'er
His drawn, cadaverous face, and twisted
His thin white lips to distortion, as
The grand secrets he'd wrested from Marie
Flitted their import across his memory.
Such a smile has had Mephistophiles,
When he viewed the innocent Marguerite,
By love's counterfeit dabbled and draggled
In the mire of impurity and slough
Of unvirtue's indelible disgrace;
When he, on her alabaster bosom,
Made imprint of love with lustly fingers,
Leaving ineffaceable marks thro' time.
Demons gloat o'er bewrayal of love.
She trusting, confiding, and innocent,
Fell—was crushed in the falling. As her tempter
Smiled, so did the Bishop.

Then regaining his sombre
Expression, as the valley o'ershadowed
By mountains sinks back into gloom's coldness
When the sun hides his face, and its home is
Gloomily left in the moody shadow,
So the Bishop, as he continued his
Soliloquy :—

"Lisle is now waking up to
Its troubles and cares, like a lion shaking
Himself ere he goes into the battle!
The blight of schism and heresy has been in
The vine of the true church a pestilent
Aphis, retarding the growth of the fruit,
The rise of sap, and withering to crumbling
The leaves, so that Lisle and all France have been
Struggling 'neath an incubus o'erpowering,
That soon would she, like the entomolite,
Be but a fossil, her religion worse far
Than as if dead. But thanks be, the vision
Is off-passing. And James, in apostate
England, will waken to life the old fire,
And 'neath his heel crush the rank heresy
Of Wycliff,—while our saint-directed king
Killeth the spawn of Luther and Calvin,
Till our ancient faith, regenerated,
Shall rise Phœnix-like from the ashes
Of its spiritual declension—throughout
The vast earth shine in its glory—embrace
In its fold all peoples, all tongues; till
The knowledge of the true faith like a river,
Like an ocean, deep, vast, and unboundless,
Shall encircle the world in its grandeur;
Heresy's putrid rills be cleansed by its
Washing; and from pole unto pole shall be
Sung by the faithful the 'Gloria.'"

" Mazarin !—and Richelieu !
What were they but such as soon may I be ?
Ah ! fancy already places upon my
Forehead the Hat, and why not the Tiara ?
Loosely it seems would it sit, altho' they
Say the seats of the mighty are thorny.
Pshaw ! to where are my musings now leading ?
Still, Louvois, when I met him at Paris
Last Easter, whispered, meaningly—I thought—
Of honours to be awarded to the
Faithful, and surely I am one most so.
Shall I not rid the country of nests of
Pestilent rebels and heretics ? The
Fan of purging is in the hands of the
Master, and the wheat shall be thoroughly
From the cursèd waste of the chaff sifted.
The besom of destruction shall sweep it
Into unquenchable fire."

" Scattered as were the
Ashes of Huss on the waters. Can the
Rhine give up the heretic's ashes ? No !
They have perished in the waste of voidness,
In the desolate waste of the waters."

" How many bright hopes have
Proved this morning but ghastly abortions,
That were only a few hours since pregnant with
Joyous fulfilment. Alas ! The ladder

Of life is hard to climb, and the struggle
Worthy of Titans, unless one be
Content to float unregarded down the
Stream, and mix with the raff of the people.
This will not do, Bishop Baluè: nothing
Succeeds like success. That is my guiding
Star! the goal stands afar, but what matters
If it stands fairly out to our view, and
Is in sight all the journey. Earth is made
For the strong—for the wise as serpents—for
The not too cautiously prudent. Who knows
Where my pathway may be leading? For MY
Star is now in the ascendant; and the
De Pointoises shall be the first to pale
At its rising."

The tinkling of a small silver
Bell, the hammer whirring 'gainst the cupola
Of metal swiftly, as the spring was pressed
Down by the Bishop, brought an attendant
To the chamber: he at a sign from his
Master drew the curtains from the windows,
And let in the dull light of the morning:
Retired—and returned with a salver
Bearing a cup of fragrant coffee. The
Berries which made it were a present from
His friend Louvois, off the same tree which the
Magnates of Amsterdam had a few
Months previously sent to king Louis; and

Much were its virtues appreciated.
But scarcely had his lips sipped its moisture,
When another attendant entered, and
Announced the desire of father Anselm
To have an interview.

"Admit him at once," said
The Bishop, a smile of keen triumph on
His countenance; such a smile as the cruel
Savage has, when in his power is his
Victim and he gloats o'er his prey, without
Mercy, pity, or thought of such crossing
His brain. Father Anselm with keen eyes e'er
Restless, thin lips, sparse in frame, fawningly
Entered the Bishop's presence.

"Well, Anselm"—and the Bishop looked
Pleasant as he said it—"Well, Anselm—at
Length, the snare has not been in vain laid for
The falcons, and you bring me good news, news
That my heart shall rejoice well. Like as the
Crackling of thorns in the fire shall soon all
These heretical followers lives be.
The Heresiarchs emulate Huss—Ha! Ha!—methinks.
Where hast thou lodged them, good father?
Back thou hast made goodly haste for not till
The southing of the sun did I expect
To welcome thy presence."

"Alas! my lord"—
And father Anselm held down his head—
"Alas! they have escaped us. I——"

"Escaped you! The pit and
Ten thousand demons! I'll have inch by inch
Of thy skin flayed off from its villanous
Carcase, if in this great matter thou hast
Betrayed me! How then have they escaped thee?
Were not thy followers in such number
Sufficient, their arms of such calibre,
That resistance of Pontoise's few men
Proved useless? Go to, and if thy excuse
Be a skeleton phantom—a short shrift—
Two yards of hemp shall speed thee to heaven."

His face had now lost all its risible
Distortion. He appeared very handsome;
Terribly so, tho' fearsome to look on.
Grand is the hurricane and tornado;
Grand are the lightning's blinding flashes and
Torrents of hail—with thunders loud roaring:
Grand!—but how awful: as a tiger at
Bay was the Bishop—as a tiger reft
Of its offspring.

"Thy pardon, my lord," and
Father Anselm's words were low murmuring and
Tremulous. "When thou sentest me on this

Mission, I took with me just one hundred
Chosen and true trusty servants, well arm'd
And equipped. Great haste made we for Paris.
There arriving, I quartered my men at
An hostelry just outside the city,
Bidding them be ready for my service at a
Moment's notice, warning them well of your
Lordship's anger if wine-cup should steal 'way
For a single second their strict, watchful
Allegiance. Then I with my letters of
Recommendation, and warrant to seize
The Pontoises on charge of heresy,
So soon as their—as your lordship so said—
But 'fruitless mission' should be got over,
Went to the palace, and along with good
Father Le Tellier heard, as we were
Standing behind the tapestry, how the
King received the Pontoises, and——"

"How he received them!" thundered
The Bishop, interrupting with sudden
Fury the Father. "Well I know how he
Received them, from his note written to me
Under his seal. Under the coverof
Secrecy he sent special messengers
To me, telling the infamous Edict
Of Nantes was revoked; and that too before
The knowledge was spread over the kingdom.
He cursed them as rebellious heretics;

He spat on them, ordered his menials to
Flog them from out of his presence; to—to——
But hold! a light breaks in on me. He had
Them immured in the lowest dungeons of
The Bastile, perhaps to burn them, torture
Them out of their heresy, and so they
Escaped you. Stand matters thus?"

"Alas, my lord! No.
He received them as a father his sons,
Who, after long rebellion against him,
Come home, sue for pardon, and are lov'd.
Ay, even as we read of the lowly
Prodigal son in the Scriptures. He told
Them that high state reasons had already
Caused him to revoke the pacifying
Edict; he too well loved *all* his subjects
To cause trouble or distress to *any*
Of them; yet for awhile must they, being
Huguenots, leave the land of their birthright—
Become exiles, *unless they would conform!*
And he looked keenly into their faces;
But no concurrent expression's reply
Could he read on any one of them; so
He told them their mission was abortive,
That fourteen days would he give them to leave,
To clear with their wives, themselves, and their
Families out of the kingdom, and till
That time should expire his safeguard under

His own hand and seal he gave unto them ;
Bade them pause ere they lost soul, home, country,
And possessions ; said not so much difference
Really was 'twixt their faith, if only they
Would listen unto father Le Tellier.
But no ; they were obstinate, and said,
Joseph replying :—

" 'God—even the God of my fathers,
Who has led me all my life long—He shall
Still be my heart's choice and my sure portion.
Straight our wants and woes shall to Him ascend—
Straight from Him shall come fierce trials or blessings.
He'll teach us with fortitude, like the oak
Of the forest, to stand till torn up by
The wild winds of destruction. He will ne'er
Consent that like the reed by the river
We bend and submit to its fierce torrent.
Truth must live for ever ! tho' it be smothered
'Neath the rubbish of rank superstition,
And one day your Majesty will live to
Regret that 'whom the Lord loveth' have been
Scattered abroad through the nations. God grant
Retribution come not in your day ! but
As sure as the sun in the heavens, the
Foul bird of prey—persecution—which your
Majesty has loosed, to feed on the lives
Of your liege, loving Protestant subjects,

Will one day come home to roost—sated, so
That after a while waking, 'twill cry "blood!"
And the blood of the noblest fill its maw
Unsatisfying. God's blessing be on
Your head, Sire. May better counsel guide your
Majesty into bathing in water,
For full of corruption's impurity
Is the mud your Majesty 's dabbling in,"
"'S death!" exclaimed the Bishop, "but was bravely
Said. What answer made the King? I see you
Are coming by degrees to the kernel,
Tho' the shell has been but tough and very
Hard cracking."

"Answer, my lord? He said,
'Go!' Not one word less or more. He said, 'Go!'
I thought he looked shamefaced; at any rate,
Unharmed they left his presence. Le Tellier
Looked at me. And I looked at him. We heard the King
Sigh deeply as he left the room, and we
Came out from our hiding. But Le Tellier
Said my warrant would not 'gainst the King's word
Run. So he bid me hasten home, and warn
You of all that had happened. The eighty
Leagues have we covered in less than twelve hours.
We passed the Pontoises near to Arras.
They, not guessing our mission, are sadly
Proceeding on their journey; and that is

How I have failed. Not thro' desire, but thro'
The King's safeguard protecting their persons.'

"Fool!—doubly distilled!"—cried the
Bishop. "The King was but acting a part.
Did not Charles the Ninth, on the very eve
Of the sacrifice called Bartholomew's,
Assure Coligny with loving words of
His safety? Still was he butchered with the
Others. Did not Sigismund pledge safety
To Huss? Was he saved from his doom? You
should
Have arrested them. I have—at least this
Day I shall have—irrefragable proofs
They are traitors. Plotting with Orange and
That troublesome Dunkirk. Other cities
Are leaguing to overthrow our most pious,
Our grand King Louis the Fourteenth; and think
You his safeguard was meant for a weapon
Useful in the hands of his enemies?
You should have arrested them. Go below,
Keep ready with the men, and presently
We will go to the castle de Pontoise,
So that like rats in a trap we may catch
Them, when unsuspecting home they're coming.
Think you I've the King's warrant for nothing?
No! I will root out stem and branch the rank
Heresy—the schism of Luther and
Calvin—from Lisle and from Flanders, so that

The cross shall be triumphantly worshipped,
With the blight of unbelief, rebellious,
Usurping, removed far away, crushed and
For ever destroyed from our presence ! "

Bowing lowly,
Father Anselm retired from the presence
Of his master, who flung himself back in
His easy chair, musing fretfully.
The prey had not escaped as he feared; he
Had, at the first flash of comprehension
Of father Anselm's few words, deemed that the
Brothers had been warned and escaped his grasp :
But now he knew just how matters stood, the
Hurrying grim waves of his passion, the
Billowing welter of his wrath, softened,
Dwindled down like crested foam caps on the
Water after the storm 's over; but the
Ravening of hate, the black cavernous
Subterraneans of his strong will, baffled
For a moment, hissed, chafed seethingly in
Darkness. The labyrinth of Lemnos was not
More intricate than the windings of the
Brain of the Bishop, all leading for the
Protestants to Avernus.

Again was his quiet disturbed
By father Anselm, who announced that he
Had tidings of importance to unfold.

"What now?" enquired the Bishop; "what now are
Thy good tidings? The Holy Mother grant that
They be more useful than of late have been
Thy good actions!"

"My lord," began father Anselm,
"I was not altogether unmindful
Of your interest on our journey from
Paris. Some of the most to be trusted
Of my followers I instructed to
Follow the Pontoises, and learn all that
They meant doing for the future: promised
Them free absolution if in the course
Of their spyal they had need to pretend
To be heretics."

"Yes—that was good of you, Father Anselm—
'All things are lawful!' saith the Scriptures."

Continued the Father:—
"They have this very moment returned home:
Joseph and his brothers are rousing the
Huguenots to rebellion. They heard *him*
In a Lutheran conventiculum
At Arras preach insurrection and plan
A rising of the heretics along
With Orange, hoping for help from England.
Joseph has started for his castle, and
His brothers are tarrying at Arras

To further inflame the foul elements;
The saints grant that these my tidings have not
Been too long in arriving."

"Very important," said the Bishop,
"Are the news. At once I'll dispatches send
Unto Louis, and to Frith, governor
Of Arras. Go thyself to the captain
Of the troops in Lisle and its environs,
So that some may be posted to secure
The safety of France and its religion.
Let a strong guard be ready at once to
Accompany me to the old castle.
The doings now will plead an excuse for
Killing—not merely scotching by foolish
Expatriation these high born ones—for
They are but the scum of the earth, tho' the
Spawn of Luther and Calvin.

Sounds of woe and lamentation;
Deep, desparing human sobbing;
Moaning, wakening night's sad echoes;
Lacerating sleep celestial.
God's image on the sea of madness,
Fiends the human ship on beck'ning;
False bright lights the crew misleading;
Wreckers waiting for the plunder:
Quivering—staggering—in the sea drift;

Hull dismasted—sails torn, tattered;
Helm and compass racked and broken;
Pitifully broke the daylight.
Viewed the brain-wreck, heard the moanings;
Rueful sobbings from heart breaking;
Sighs that pierced the very heavens;
Such came floating on the darkness:
On the chill night air of heaven.
Ebbing sable night its journey,
Stayed to pity the sad mourners,
Wrapped its mantle round the agony;
That it burnt thro' and consumed,
And escaped from out the window;
Out the high and latticed window
In the turret of the castle,
From the window of poor Marie!
Stayed the chilly breeze to listen,
Fearful to waft off the sad notes.
And the time-worn interstices,
And the Epiphytic covered
Hoary stonework of the windows
Shrunk astonished at the sounds of
Such unusual lamentations.
While the flirting rustling ivy
Gave no echoes to the soughing
Of the timorous, fleeing breezes
Which retreated thro' its dark leaves.
Many lights across the water,
Quivering fire like stalactite,

Buried in the inky waters ;
And the glimmering of the angels'
Myriad lamps, from out the heavens
Twinkling—lighting home the spirits
Set free from the earth by Azrael.
And the egret fluttering in the
Dim, approaching, drowsy daylight
Hastened backward to his marshes.
While the sombre, undistinguished,
Misty distance, sight confusing,
Hid where earth and heaven meeting,
One began, the other finished ;
Heard the awful sounds of mourning ;
Till the spears of fire reflected,
Vanished 'fore the grey, dim coming
Of the dew-clad morning's greeting ;
That the lamps of heaven extinguished,
And the clouds came up in huge banks,
Dark and threatening up they hastened,
Sympathetic to the imploring —
Hopeless—sighings from the window :
Which the north wind had in terror
Whispered to them of its horror.
And they shadowed o'er the waters
Which in distress weary quivered,
And the glorious light of heaven,
Shaded from the tower window,
So that scarcely could the moaning
Reach the pure clear vault ætherial

Thro' the owl-light of the morning—
Thro' the yet unbroken silence.

Crouching, cowering
In her chamber dull and dreary,
Marie prostrate, broken, mournèd.

From the moment
That the suspended spark of life's light had
Been fanned to a blaze again, she'd mournèd.
Very gradual had been her returning,
Her brain, uncoiling from its torpid and
Its tortured suspense, been accomplished.
With a calmness supernatural almost,
She had bidden her maidens trouble her
Not by their prying; bade them leave her, and
Seek rest. That word "rest" had jarred straight upon
Her keen-set nerves, as biting files that
Unremorselessly from fine-tempered steel
Jag off unwilling filaments, the while
With most discordant screeches.
Remorse ate to her heart
As acid's test eats through baser metals,
And the pure gold leaves untouched. Alas! the
Pureness of her heart she deemed had now been
Sullied, and base metal made by her most
Infamous bewrayal. To grapple all
The distraught of her brain and understand
The convolute teachings of the Bishop,

She could not: and so a wreck, a body
In torture, writhing on her chamber-floor,
She prostrate lay: fair and lovely in her
Disarrayal: beautiful, like to a
Peri, more of heaven was than of earth
Her nature; yet her nerveless frame, sinking
Beneath the weight, the crushing weight, of the
Outcome of that Catholic religion,
Romish, that she'd always deemed the only
One pure revealèd will of God.

On the floor she lay, while
Round her fair white shoulders her soft tresses
Hung matted in confusion like unto
Spun silk, in tangled masses damp and gnarled.
Her warm and loving heart
Had grown as cold as if an icy hand
Lay on it and straight chilled the coursing blood;
As if the Angel of Death had been
Peeping into the wondrous chamber where
His master had hidden life's pearl—to filch
Before it was his the precious jewel.
Like lamps burnt to their sockets down, and so
Flaring, flick'ring, in their fitful flashes,
Were her sunken eyes—which, with a lustre
Not of earth, burned brightly; and a hectic
Flush mantled, and stole off death's pallor from
Her cheeks.

Her slim white hands
Tightly each other clutched, as drowning men
Clutch any floating waif for safety; or
As in death's wild agony the strong, stern
Man writhes, and grasps hold air intangible,
The madness of the last fierce strife 'twixt life
And death!

Like to a ship dashing on the breakers,
Without a pilot or a captain's care, [veins
Was she. Throbbed fiercely, thro' her swol'n blue
The coursing blood, till it overflowed the
Brain, a scalding, burning fluid which, like
To hot lava down the steep mountain's side,
Transforms all nature's beauteous verdure
To a rocky, arid, desolate waste,
Blotting out springtime's gentle care.

She could not weep:
The soft, relieving tears that would have cooled
Her hot and fiery blood, and relief brought
Unto her o'ercharged brain, refused to flow.
Her grief involuntarily she told
Throughout the live-long night, and thus woke up
The slumbering echoes, until the fair
Aurora peeped with compassion on her
Face, into the gloomy chamber, awe-struck
At the ghastly picture, while listening to
These words of Marie's:—

"Oh, that my God had slain me ere
I'd lived to see the light of day
Fall upon my weary head. But
Voices, whispering hurriedly,
Say, 'death brings peace;' and so 't must be.
Death! death! that surely is the last,
The grand penalty, that all faults
And foul betrayings soon wipes out.
Oh, my poor heart! Could it but for
Only one short minute cease its
Torturing! Joseph, my husband! No,
He's not so now! He is divorced,
And I'm, like Adam, fugitive
From my heaven on earth for ever.
Out of Paradise by my own
Actions cast to despair and woe.
How can I e'er lift the heavy
Load of guilty sin that clogs my soul,
And mount to where my mother is?
It will weigh me down, and down, and down.
Hush! 'Twas but the owlet on the
Battlements! A dirge note for me!
Be still, ye busy whisperers!
I'm not afraid to die.—Water!
That cleanseth, and how placidly
Along the walls the river flows;
How charming is its cool invite.
Ha! Heavens! I looked for his pennon!
Will it never more come? Never! never!

Hush! 'Tis the symphony of the angels I hear!
Hark! That sound is my mother's voice calling to me!
Listen what she gently says:

"'Child, why stay? Thy heart is broken;
In my bosom there is sweet rest.'
'Rest!' That I want sadly. It seems that thro'
The mazes of my life foes are treading
Stealthily, and have the clue to guide them
All its turnings; and hasten on to filch
Away my very heart—my brain—my soul!"

"Rest, mother? Ay, before
The journey so far, and yet not so far,
Be taken. I remember when but a
Child, while on your knee, you my poor head pressed
Against your heart, and taught me just to lisp one
Simple prayer to say before a journey
Taken. Can I recall that prayer? O God!
My head whirls round, and round, and round, and all
Of earth seems slipping from my grasp."

Azrael plumed his feathers and
Stood by the side of poor Marie, and she,
Falling on her face on the floor prostrate,
Breathed in her innocence to her Father
In heaven, a simple prayer learnt in her
Childhood to be said but to the Virgin.
Pityingly her Father beheld her;

And the hoary, mossy, timeworn stonework,
The toying, flirting ivy, and the dark
Clouds drifting onwards into the new light
And the cool breeze of the morning, watched her
Every least movement; for on her brow sat
Madness enthroned in all horror; guiding,
Rather letting her drift into darkness.
After a few seconds she sprung erect,
And lifting her clasped hands over her head,
With her starting eyes piercing as it were the
Dark massive oak rafters of the ceiling,
In tones of drear agony she murmured:
"Oh my lost soul!" In vain the bright Angel
Of the Covenant breathed into her ears
Words of hope and of love beneficent.
The resilience of the chronometer,
Broken, tells no longer of time passing;
In vain the key turns the toothed ratchet wheel,
And the sure lever clicks on its journey,
Responsively works not the machinery;
For broken and disjointed is the spring,
The directing power's exhausted;
Only the skilful hand of the master
Can harmoniously set it in motion.

"Oh my lost soul!"
Seemed her agonised words pierced the heavens,
As with sudden resolve she up-bounded
To the sill of her window—still her hands

Tightly clenched together, with an awful
Shriek—a shriek that rent the dull leaden sky—
She threw herself into space terrific;
Sped down towards destruction as swiftly
As the angels rebellious fell out from
Heaven: but Azrael, more fleet than she was,
Clave thro' the æther, and caught her before
She reached the cool water—so peaceful; which
Doing, he darted swiftly as lightning
With her, up thro' the awe, wonder-struck clouds,
To the confines of heaven, where he left
Her in charge of the angels to take to
The city—his work being over; but
His heart was rejoiced to see that like the
Caterpillar casteth its wriggling slough,
And, transformed, comes forth a being unlike
Its old self, but more, much more beautiful!
Indeed surpassingly—thus so 'twas with
Marie.

As he flew by the castle and
Took up his abode within the city—
For he had much work to do there night and
Morning—he saw the casket that he'd rifled
Lying on the rock at the castle's wall
The glowing and loving of her fond heart
For ever over. The temple of its
Choice treasure ravaged; and the moaning and
The mourning—the sighing hushed to silence.

Father Anselm's account of
The reception of the brothers Pontoise
Was not far removed from the exact truth
Of the matter. In despondency they went
Disappointed from the king's presence.
He had not held out his sceptre towards
Them, as did king Ahasuerus to the fair,
The faithful Jewish maiden, Esther; but
Rather, he had blighted the sunlight of
Their existence; and crushed by rude handling the
Hope of their life; trampled down the flowers
Of its garden, as ruthlessly as the
Hound hunts down the timid fawn and wets its
Fangs in the blood of innocent harmlessness.

Dark, as the sky grows
When thunder-clouds against the wind creep up,
And portentously in puffs moans the air,
Thro' the heavens—were the countenances
Of the brothers. Faith, the storehouse of the
Christian, which, when full, has all his desire,
And lacks no weapons of warfare, had grown
Somewhat sparse in its chambers. The light of
God's love burned dimly in their chilly bosoms.
The wrenching asunder of old ties was
Not to be done by philosophical
Reasonings. Life's clinging, like tentacles,
Had interwoven love of country in

Their habits, that the sundering from home,
Land, country, relations, meant the stretching
Of heart-strings to wretchedness. Man, if a
Christian, is but human. Slender the thread
That holds up the soul in its purity.
Trials, troubles, sorrows, ties of home, country,
Friends, and dear relations, oft the slim cord
So attenuates—lengthens—that the mist
Of the valley oft encompasses the
Believer, that he drags the earth 'stead
Of soaring thro' the heavens; but when the
Crown by the Father is wreathed round the brow,
And the pæans of the undazzled creation
Strike with ecstacy the waiting notes of
His heart. In rapture he mounts; the thin cord
Rapidly contracts and draws heaven-ward;
Strengthens its hold; till with love and ardour
Elated, the things of time appear like
The vision of earth thro' the large end of
Perspective glass; all but as dross of
The melting pot, to gold in the hand of
The refiner. Principle, Truth, Justice,
Have foundations deeper than man seeth,
When their high pinnacle with the ideal
Limit is scaled. The cares of the present
Fall aside, as the robes of the swimmer;
He who runneth a race; the encumbrance
Falls off—*is thrown off*—and alone remains
The goal of his hopes in his view.

Feebly were they sinking in darkness; but
Their faith illumined up, as they thought of
The Cross, and its exceeding lustre, and
How much worse after all might have been their
Sad lot; they, the inheritors of its
Shame and its agony, ought not to think
That earth was a place of such exceeding
Fairness, that it should be their home for ever,
Ought but to deem it a pathway leading
To the bosom of Jesus.

"As long as I have Marie,
My brothers, and a few coins in my purse,
What matter possessions, country, or
Home!" muttered Joseph; but this was getting
Again in the damps of the valley.

William and Thomas
Had no love beguiling,—no fragrance of
The essence of unselfishness to tempt
Their hearts to submission, and compensate
For the loss of their home and their country.
The breath of the fervid, one redeeming
Passion, the fragrance from the holy blooms
Of flowers in the celestial gardens,
Had not yet wafted its ambrosia to
Their innermost soul, and lit up the bright
Fires on the altar of Venus Urania.

"Orange is strong,
And well armed for the battle!" said William.

"England will help us
In our great struggle," murmured Thomas; but
Joseph reminded them that James was a
Bigoted Papist, and more likely to
Assist Louis, in the cruel and unjust
Revocation, than to lend a helping
Hand to the Protestants.

So, as Father Anselm
Put it, they moodily travelled homeward
The journey: not till they came to Arras,
Did Joseph recover his usual sway
Over his heart's passion, earthward drawing
Attraction—e'en his well beloved Marie.
At length he exclaimed, "Brothers, shall we not
Struggle to release ourselves from this doomed
Merciless thraldom impending? Shall we
Silently bow to the verdict, and quit
Home, country, relations, and friends, perhaps
For ever? The Most High shall fight on our
Side! We will not build on England, but put
Our trust in our Father, and such good help
As 't may please Him to send us."

They arranged to stop at Arras
One night. The sun had crept up over the

Horizon of their doubts and fears; glowing
From the faint streak of crimson, it had spread
Out to exceeding brilliance. Like the first
Faint chords of the orchestra swell to the
Clashing triumphant, thrilling the soul with
Its grandeur of melody, rapturing
The invisible aërial occupants,
Till cadences, grand and sublime, swell the
Heart to vibration—lift it above the
Calculation of chances—urges it
On unresistingly, to deeds sublime and
Heroic.

As many of the Protestants
Of Arras as could be conveniently
Summoned, attended the evening service
At the Lutheran chapel in the city.
The news of the Revocation had not
As yet reached their dwellings. The pastor had
Learnt from the brothers all the sad story,
Formed his discourse in accordance, and in
Tones drear and ominous he expounded
The words of our Saviour: "Let not your heart
Be troubled, neither be afraid;" and when
At the end of the service he bade them
Listen awhile to the words of Joseph
De Pontoise, of Lisle, the noted Protestant
Leader, who was with his brothers now on
The road home from Paris, with tidings of

Sorrow, so that the words of the Master
Might well be applied to their cases. He
Bade them close tight the doors against strangers
And cowards, and listen to the words of
The speaker, who 'd taken his place at the
Reading desk, while a hush fell upon the
Assembly. A hush that had turned their lips
Pallid, sank their tremulous hearts in their
Bosoms, called up a spectre to poison
All their peace ! now they would soon learn fully
The moral of their pastor's discoursing.

De Pontoise's brow
Had knitted to sternness as he stood in
The reading desk of the Chapel. Like a
Bomb-shell exploding unexpectedly
'Mongst a party of innocent children,
Was the terror his words threw amongst them.
They held their breaths in fright—suspensively.
The shadow more fearful appears than the
Substance. Dread is a far more horrible
Foe than reality. Troubles grasped firmly
Loose half their terrible aspect; and the
First shot of the battle is dreaded more
Than after are artillery's broadsides.
Thus Joseph began:

" Brethren of Arras—
We of Lisle,—ay, and throughout the world's broad

Expanse, all Christians,—claim you as brothers.
The Edict of Nantes is revoked! Nay, bear
The tidings like men, and like Christians—it
Is true; so let no thoughts doubting be a
Comfort fallacious unto you. Think of
The cruel 'dragonade' that has ravaged
Our fair country for years past. The galleys—
The stake, and the gibbet are reeking with
The blood of our brethren in affliction.
We are debarred from all civil rights, and
All offices of profit; tortured, and
Our children torn from us and made Papists!
Poitou and Saintonge are depopulated:
Our wives are abducted and are immured
In convents, to suffer the uttermost
Wretchedness possible. If any of
Us have escaped to the woods, like wild beasts
Of prey have we been hunted! Double guards
Are now on the frontiers; our possessions,
Money, and lands have been confiscated!
Hitherto the powerful and noble
Have escaped; but our turn is coming at
Last. From Louis' own lips we heard these words,
'The Huguenots,* till it should please God to
Enlighten them, might continue to reside
In the kingdom, pursue their commerce, and
Enjoy their property, without being

* 12th Article of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Subject to trouble or molestation
On account of their religion, but on '——
Brethren, hearken well to the condition—
'That they should not publicly confess it,
Nor assemble under *pretence of reading,*
Prayers, or performing *any other act*
Of worship whatever!' Now hearken, brethren,
Note the king's comment on this article:
He banished us three from out his kingdom,
Fourteen days have we to clear everything,
To leave home, friends, and our country, never
More to take the hands of the brethren, nor
Live in good fellowship with the faithful.
Hear now the words prophetic of our great
Exemplar: 'Let not your hearts be troubled.'
Shall we bend to this storm like the willow?
Shall we by the water-courses drink up
Tribulation, and leave this dear country,
Like to oxen bend our necks to the yoke
Of our cruel, our oppressive taskmasters?
Have ye not read of Gideon, of Barak,
And of Samson? of Jephtha, of David,
And of Samuel? who 'quenched the violence
Of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out
Of weakness were made strong—of whom the world
Was not worthy.' Shall we, then, tremble and
Cower at the frown of a despot like
Louis? Nay! nay!—List!

Arm, brothers ! arm ! to the front !
This day is liberty beneath the heel
Of haughty Louis; being down, crushed,
No more in light, no more in glorious hope
And freedom shall our children's children live !
List ! hear from Orange, sounding out upon
The calm still air, ten thousand clanking blades,
To help us in the fight. To Dunkirk's ports
Another ten shall land of England's sons,
And France's spectre slink abashed at sound
Of trumpet blown. God bless our country ! bless
Dear France ! our law of birthright's heritage !
Rise ! brothers, rise ! the tyrant falls who o'er
Our choicest flowers hot ashes spreads, and
Turns life's garden into heaps of desert sand.
From out the sky he scares the loving doves,
While flocks of his fledged raven's cursèd brood
Hover o'er head with croakings fell and dire.
Land of our fathers, sown with the blood of
Bravest, best and true ! where art thou drifting ?
The hoary head of centuries gone looks down
Upon thee now : creeps up the awful shade
That once our nerveless arms with terror struck.
The vampire Rome now hovers o'er our land,
Already piling up to Heaven are
Heaps—the ashes hot of thy truest sons.
The air groans loud with expatriation's
Cruel decree ! oh distraught king ! oh thou

Unhappy land ! from whence can come our hope,
Thy perfecting remedy ?

Arm ! brothers, arm !
Lead on to fight ! The victory is ours !
God to our hands delivered has the sated
Sons of Rome ! Shout ! Shout ! the air's full of blood !
Blow out the trumpet's blast ! Like Jericho,
The walls shall fall of superstition rank !
Shall we, born free ! and fed on liberty !
Shall we succumb and sink ? Rise ! brothers, rise !
The oriflamb shall draggled be before
The standard of the Cross. Up then ! Call out
The ready men ! Swift raise, and swift unfurl
Our flag ! let shouting rend the high heavens !
For liberty we fight, or give our lives ;
For liberty we'll die ! "

As Joseph finished
Speaking, a rustling, like a sudden breeze
Soughing through dry leaves of a tree, shaking
Them roughly, threateningly, moved the whole of
His hearers. The females hid their faces
Blanched with terror, but spoke not their husbands
Of drawing back from the business. Hope and
Fear vibrated the scale to a balance ;
But the Spirit of the Most High weighed down
In their hearts the side for liberty and

Freedom of worship, to be obtained by
E'en force of arms. From like to a covey
Of birds, thrilling 'fore a hawk—became as
A square of picked infantry, with bayonets
Fixed, 'fore the charge of a squadron of horse,
Ready to rise and attack, so soon as
Opportunity should fairly offer.
After some words, advising secrecy
Upon all of them, Joseph left for Lisle,
His two brothers staying at Arras, to
Collect and rouse up the faithful; none of
Them deeming that Bishop Baluè knew of
Their plottings, and was prepared to spring a
Counter mine upon them.

The city of Lisle was aroused by
The clanking of iron hoofs, swords, and armour
Thro' its streets,—soon after Bishop Baluè
Had ordered Father Anselm to have soldiers
Ready: gaily laughed the men, for their
Business was that well suited their cruel hearts,
E'en persecution of the Huguenots.
These soldiers were blessed by the Church, were brave;
But also by Providence were they not
Retributively punished by the great
Marlboro', and France cursed as a nation?
On, on, gaily they marched, thro' the gates and
Over the drawbridge, away across the

Country to the castle—only one in
Name—the castle of Pontoise, belonging
To the noble house of De Pontoise.
Presently they entered the courtyard, and
Occupied the different apartments;
Sent out scouts to intercept Joseph, and
Bring him a prisoner to the castle.
Laughingly chained tightly together those
Who remained to their creed faithful, and sent
Them off to Lisle's dungeons, pricking them with
Their sharpened swords' points as they departed—
To let out some of their mad blood,—so said
The soldiers. All being ready for the
Victim, they looked for the Bishop's coming,
Who, on a mule ambling, presently reached
The castle. He the outside picture of
Humility,—covering over the
Diabolic lust of pride and power.
His first enquiries were if the servants
Had been secured, and none had escaped to
Warn the brothers of danger; receiving
Replies of assurance—(they not knowing
A faithful retainer, who 'd discovered
The cruel sad end of Marie, had escaped
From their clutches, and was speeding breathless
Speeding the road he knew the De Pontoises
Would be returning)—Baluè smiled grimly
As he hastened unto Marie's chamber;
He had it in his heart to torture her,

By telling her of the approaching to
Completion of his environing
To their destruction the brothers, more so
Joseph the arch traitor.

With looks of alarm,
His watchers at the chamber informed him
That Marie would not admit them, that no
Sounds had been heard in her room since they had
Been sent away on the previous evening,
Save loud moanings and lamentations, which
At daybreak had sunk into silence.

Angrily the Bishop shook
The sturdy oak door of the chamber. Then
He entreating—menacing—promising—
Threatening—chiding—and between his teeth
Maledictions—bade her move the fastening:
But no response came to him answeringly.

"Marie, this rebellious behaviour
Will but augment your sin, and cause extra
Torments to Joseph your husband," so said
Bishop Baluè. "Hardened and infamous
Wench!" he continued, stamping on the floor in
His passion, "In the name of the Church, I
Bid you open; else, on you a blasting
Anathema I will breathe, blighting your
Soul and your body—opening yawning

Hell for your spirit—shutting heaven 'gainst
Your petitions—mingling you with the dead
Tho' you be still living—no longer a
Church, or a mother's care—banning all who
Dare help or speak to you—burying your
Corpse like to carrion—to everlasting
Perdition sealing your cursed spirit! Still
Obdurate! then send for men-at-arms with
Their axes, and chop the door down into
Splinters; let the roughest and the rudest
Soldiers come up and bind this infamous
Woman, and the lowest dungeon of Lisle's
Castle will tame her obstinate spirit
To repentance.

A few heavy blows,
Resounding, reverberating throughout
The lonely chambers and corridors of
The castle in mournful, deprecating
Resonances, and Marie's chamber was
Broken open; but the worried bird had
Escaped the net of the fowler, and in
Vain had the twig been limed for bewrayal.

Astonishment, blank and
Unbounded, spread its showing over the
Face of the Bishop. Feelings various—
Vengeful—astonished—doubting—as he searched
All around, took swift possession of his
Fancy. Suspiciously he regarded

His agents, who looked on as confounded
As he was : gradually astonishment
Gave place to bitter wrath. To close arrest
He ordered those who had the watch o'er her;
Scathingly his words denounced them as but
Heretic abettors ; and fearful his
Face was to behold in his fierce passion :
His words came forth half articulated ;
'Twas as a blast of the simoon—scorching,
Appalling—the sirocco, 'fore which all
Life trembles. Hoarsely and huskily, his voice
Spoke out bitter hatred and passionate
Scorning—muffled, peal upon peal, like the
Knell of the prison to the prisoner
Sounds on the morn of his execution.
Other men's despair, sorrow—
Sorrow, disappointments, vain imploring—
When all the ties planted by God were cut
Asunder, only caused the Bishop to
Sneer at their want of fortitude under
Affliction ; but now he made no effort
To grapple with the torrent of rage and
Disappointment which swept o'er his soul like
A raging of flamings unquenchable,
Scarring, burning, destroying all goodness
In its progress.

Suddenly he spyed
From the window, fluttering in the air—

The terrified air—a strip of muslin
Hanging from a nail in the window-sill,
Flying like a flag at half-mast for a
Signal. Then the Bishop leaned his head out,
Far out of the window, and low down in
A pool of clear water caught sight of the
Body of Marie, lying at rest in
Her shrouding of innocence—the shell, but
Bereft of life and its substance.

Still, at the discovery,
Was the Bishop angry; scarce would he give
Instruction for releasing those whom he
Had unjustly arrested. Hastened he
With assistance to the foot of the grand
Old tower of the castle; then, launching
A boat at his bidding, servants gathered
Up the body of Marie, and laid it,
Dripping with water, on the hall table:
A sight to meet Joseph the heresiarch,
To make the revenge of the Bishop feel
Keener, and to still his pulsations of
Rancorous hatred.

Carrying him swiftly
To Lisle, Joseph's horse soon left the walls of
The city of Arras behind. The thought
Of De Pontoise now was to place Marie
In some place of safety ere the flashing

Of swords, and desolation of warring,
Should blight with its presence the whole country.
On every hand, as he travelled onward,
Were signs of the soldiers' persecutions—
Houses in flames; men, women, and children
Destitute, huddling together in the
Ditches—a home too good for them deemed
By the cowardly, butcherly soldiers.
Despairing were his thoughts as he journeyed,
The fire of eloquence burning dimly,
Thinking more of Marie than his country.
Swifter urged he his gallant steed, till his
Flanks were streaked with frothy foam, and his frame
Responsively gave no rebellious start
At the lashing of his master. When but
A few miles from the city of Lisle his
Cup of elation, filled with hope, was turned
Over and spilled by a violent blow,
Unexpected, cruel, and unmerciful.
By the side of the road stood his escaped
Retainer, who motioned him he had words
Of sad import to speak concerning the
Castle: told him of the sad end of poor
Marie; of the castle being occupied
By many soldiers; of his expected
Return and arrest; how unseen by the
Soldiers he had escaped to tell Joseph
The horrible tidings. Scorching the sun
In his fierceness poured down his not blinding

Rays upon De Pontoise. He stood for a
Moment as one bewildered : he could not
Comprehend all his misfortune ; could not
Believe, because 'twas too transcendantly
Horrible that his Marie was lifeless—
An inanimate corpse at the castle !
Listened not to the words of his faithful
Servant, urging to fly, to seek shelter
And safety. Too stupendous the cruel
Revelation ; unfathomable the
Depth of his indignation ; the swelling
Volume of heart's agony. " I am but
Dreaming ! " he murmured, " Only just dreaming !
I shall presently wake from this nightmare :
Bishop Baluè murdered my Marie ! What
Next new horror will you tell to me ? " At
Length, urged to action by the fears of his
Servant, he took to his heart the blighting
Tidings, nestled it there like a blast of
North wind, withering, congealing his blood,
His marrow, blighting life's hope with terror.
" Then she is now in glory," he muttered :
" The grain is garnered by the husbandman ;
My heart's choice treasure, like blowing roses
In untimely frost droop and wither, is
Dead and gone from me, tho' she lives yonder.
From Thy hands good or evil, O Father ;
It has pleased thee to send me the evil ;
May 'st Thou in Thy merciful goodness reach

Forth thine hand and pluck me away right early!"
Then he bade his retainer haste on to
Arras to warn the brothers William and
Thomas; as for himself, he said, "I shall—
Come what may—go on to my castle."
So he and his servant parted, never
More on earth to meet 'gain each other, to
Exchange words of consolation or hope.

A short month after, a rude crushing, a
Boisterous crowd in the market place of
Lisle's large ancient city was assembled
To witness the sad burning of Joseph
To death as a contumacious rebel,
A heretic, the council at Lisle had
Condemned him, and so he suffered, and became
One of the "Glorious army of Martyrs."
A few moments of clouds, bitter darkness,
Of sorrow and bodily suffering—
When with, "Lord Jesu, receive my spirit,"
All the sorrowing and moiling was over.
With joy ineffable, he was united
To his Marie, and they in their great
Happiness looked down from Paradise, saw
The carcase of Joseph de Pontoise, burnt
Unto ashes, and those ashes scattered
Abroad to the cardinal winds of
Heaven; also they saw God's own angel
Gather up each spec and atom and lay

Them by carefully, for when the Master
Should require to renew them, while glad notes
Thro' Paradise thrilled their bosoms—the songs
Of Seraphs and Angels: "Precious in the
Sight of the Lord is the dust of His saints."

Thomas and William hasted swiftly to
Calais; the plot of rising discovered,
No use waiting to suffer like had their
Brother. In safe hiding, for many weeks
They lie *perdu*: their hearts scared with the
Terrible tidings brought by a safe hand
Concerning the trial, condemnation, and
Execution of their brother, the head of
The family; of the midnight burial
Of Marie, without service of Church or
Any following; cast like carrion to
Its resting, buried with shame and saddest
Dishonour: heard of the confiscation
Of the de Pontoise's estates and their
Possessions; the razing of the castle
De Pontoise, the stones of which were to build
The Bishop Baluè a palace.

At length, after many
Hard trials and much endurance, the time came
For them to leave Calais. They, as sailors,
Took passage on ship board and sailed for the
Shores of old England.

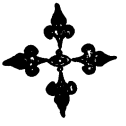
William was landed
At Christchurch, an old town of some note in
Hampshire. Poor, sorrow stricken, forsaken
By friends, home, and by country, they landed
On the hospitable, welcoming shores
Of England. William remained at Christchurch,
But Thomas sailed farther, and was landed
At Hull, a port in Yorkshire. They, units
Of the forty thousand Protestants, the
Fugitives which England received open
Handed; units of five hundred thousand
Scattered abroad 'mongst the nations, the flower,
The bloom of France, lost to her for ever;
Units of the four hundred thousand who,
Unable to fly or gain succour, were
Forced to the Romish communion; units
Of the seventy-five thousand who perished
From sword, fire, famine, disease, pestilence,
And dire torturings. Well may the very
Stones in anger cry out at the fearful
Outrages done in the name of Christianity.

Separately the two
Brothers continued onward to travel;
Separately on earth, but when the last
Meeting-day comes, then united may they
Be found in glory together—Marie,
Joseph, and his brothers, the Martyr's crown—

Resplendent with glory – shedding a halo
Over the family.

As the clouds sink to night evening's gloaming,
And the twilight's shut out by night coming,
The curtain now must fall on my picture :
Over-true are the scenes it relates of,
Handed down from children to children, and
Jottings kept religiously sacred in
The archives of the head of the family,
There tell of Lisle and its doings. Tell of
Pontoise the Martyr. Memory falls to
Sleep slowly—the fading of time calms the
Passions. Freedom's a plant thriving grandly
In the soil of Great Britain the mighty ;
Thriving in the soil moistened by the blood
Of a "Noble army of Martyrs." Not
Religion has only its hecatombs !
But "Freedom"—the struggle's been awful,
Titanic. Fall to sleep gently, mem'ry !
Hush thee in the lap of forgetfulness ;
Forget the cruel, passionate criminals,
But remember poor sorrowing Marie
And Joseph. That God has revenged Himself
Fully. That unto Him alone vengeance
Belongeth. Hope sinks like the sun o'er Pisgah,
Which stands out bleak and cold in the twilight ;
But irradiated with sunlight's beauty,
Lies the promised land in the distance :

Hush thee to sleep, cares and sorrows, for there
Cometh a bright to-morrow! Hush thee
To quietness, weary panting—living waters
Flow beyond the mountain. Hands, hearts, and heads,
Weary and heavy, rest soon shall find o'er
Yonder. Hush thee to peace, questioning spirit;
"Blessed are the just!" God has said it.



THE STORM.

DULL mists arise away in the west,
A cool breeze in puffs blows o'er the scene,
The sun's light dimmed by a rising screen
Of dark grey clouds with a snow-white crest.

Like smoke-puffs out of a cannon's mouth,
Swiftly creeps over the azure sky
Grand cumulous clouds ascending high,
Floating like spectres towards the south.

Darker and darker comes o'er the gloom,
Sad sighs the breeze thro' the o'ercharged air,
The gath'ring clouds threat'ning aspects bear,
And lower as if heav'n had for them no room.

Like burnished copper glowing around,
Fierce brazier lit, the heav'ns and the air,
Close, murky, oppressive, seem to bear
The dark clouds down almost to the ground.

Oppressively warm is the fitful breeze,
The white-crest cloud has its colour lost,
Upwards grand fiery mountains are tossed
From clouds like golden molten seas.

A serrate-like edge fringes the cloud,
Bright and thin as a ribbon of fire ;
The glittering mass rises higher and higher,
Spreading o'er the earth like a brazen shroud.

There 's an ominous hush all around,
Feathered flutterers chirp and twitter,
Frightened at the unusual glitter
Of the heavens, which appear brass-bound.

The bully watch dog slinketh away,
Growling a low premonitory moan,
Darker and blacker the clouds are grown,
As if were quarrelling night and day.

Pat ! first one big drop falls from the cloud,
Then thousands with a patter and plash ;
Then like torrents, and a blinding flash,
With a roar terrifically loud !

A streak of fierce fire jags 'cross the dark pall,
Brighter far than the rays of the sun ;
Only for a moment and 'tis done,
And hailstones in volleys seem to fall.

Feeble the boom of ten thousand guns
Fired at one time, to the thunder's roar,
Reverberating from shore to shore,
As its crashing, crackling way it runs.

Faster and larger fall the rain-drops,
Like unto a dashing waterfall
Tumbling over a precipice tall,
As if the rain-clouds had lost their props.

In the field the poor lamb seeks its ewe;
She, crouching beneath a bare sheltering hedge,
Leads her poor lamb 'long a narrow ledge,
Drenched by the rain that is streaming thro'.

A sulphurous smell pervades the air,
Floating about 's a brassy-like taste,
And the aërial armies swiftly haste
To flash and crash off the rage they bear.

By the zig-zag of the lightning's flash
The dear old lov'd church can be seen,
In the leafy dress of the ivy green,
And the fire seems about it to lash

But for a second, then plays around
The tall, proud, old, weather-worn tower;
Quicker than thought is the lightning's power,
And steeple, crashing, comes to the ground.

Loud pæans of triumph the thunders roar,
Fright'ning the sulky, watery sky,
Echoing thro' the shades on high,
While faster the waters downward pour.

Ha! gone is the giant old oak tree;
'Twas standing a short time since we know,
But the raging storm has laid it low,
And its beauty no more shall we see.

Oh, when will the storm-king say "Enough?"
Flashes come quicker with endless roar,
The rain falls heavier than before,
Thro' the trembling trees the sad winds sough.

At length the rain-drops more gently fall,
And the growling rumbling 's farther off;
The storm-king seems repenting his wrath,
And off from the scene his armies call.

On the horizon comes up a light,
The darkest clouds melt quickest away;
For the present is over the fray,
And again the sun is shining bright.

But oh, what ravages lie in his track!
We can smile, now he's only a mutt'ring storm;
Horrible, indeed, is the storm-king's form,
And glad are we truly to see his back.

HAVELOCK.

MEN of high standing,
Born with riches made, oft gaze upon those
Lower down the ladder as unarmoured
With the cuirass of long ancestry, and
Not of parts constituent with themselves;
With the Hesperides not worthy to
Consort, or match in battle the monster
Whom they watched. Lachesis weaves webs of
Tinsel fabric passing for cloth of gold,
And estimated such: again with gold
She weaves the fabrics deemed but leaden, and
So is valued; but when the acid test
Is 'plied, the tinsel proves but plated birth, and
Off the scornèd poverty's corrosion flies;
Intrinsic value swift belief compels,
Without the hall mark, "birth," being on
The brow.
At intervals within a nation's pale
Rises up one like Havelock, who rose,
All unintending to the foremost ranks;
Broke thro' the prison walls of blank dismay,
Urged on by stern reality—duty's voice!
Unpretendingly revived the genius
Of *another Curtius;* and, like a lily

Scorched by the sun's fierce heat droops o'er and dies,
Breathing no monody; so he, unharmed
By whirling lead, by flaming sheets of
Concentrated ruin, or seething gnashings
Of the hounds of war, laid down and breathed back
His soul from whence it came.

He had few foes!
Of all the human strugglers pressing, wriggling,
Trampling down each other, to mount up on
Their ruin,—if not meaning such, regardless
If be that the end—can say so much.
No poison's guile was mixed in the pure liquid
Sparkling in the golden chalice of his life,
Nor ruby gem integrity could fade one
Iota of its brilliance at his touch.
How difficult to steer the bark of life,
The full rigged ship of manhood o'er the shoals,
The quicksands, and upon the stormy sea,
The billowy sea of time, to hold with
Grasp immaculate the helm, so that the
Sunken rocks of pride, passion, and more
Cursèd prejudice cause not a shipwreck.
This a gift of God to human nature
Best and brightest.

Havelock from first to last loved truth;
And tho' the pomp of glory spread its mazy
Nets, and frenziedly its weird and witching

Incantations worked, he harmless, scatheless
Stood. He knew that every citizen bore
Within his heart the warrant of his Maker
To love his country, and if a needs may
Be, to strike unfalteringly a blow
For home and fatherland; to push right close
To death's abyss, not heeding reputation,
Nor the illusive phantom glory
In the task. The banner of his hopes,
Inscribed with "Duty!" floated out stainless
To the rippling wind, and urged him on from
Vantage unto vantage with a power
Freshly alive each moment with Divine
Assent. Cruel are the dogs of war, but
Crueller far are soft allurements of that
Voluptuous prudence which cries out Peace. And why?
'Cause clashing arms and troublous throes of honour
Tear up the cushions of the coward,
From "Peace at any Price," all lustre steals,
And swift inspires the soul to slip the yoke of
Love of ease, to scorn the dalliance of
Delight for the unwritten code that saves
A country from the doom of Rome. Tho' hard
And rugged be the couch, yet 'tis the bed
Where countries' horizons diminish not.

At home he was
A loving parent, well beloved by all;
Sweet and low the sound of his kind manly

Teachings, and the light of the mystical
World illumined who lived in his presence.
Among the bleachèd cones, his warriors' tented
Homes, on fields where herbage green succumbed
To death, and glistened fiercely on the
Sheening steel the stately sun—a ravening,
All-devouring element, unconquerable
When in his might. With gladness, ere he
Awoke, while but the distant flashing of his
Coming warmed the heavens with a crimson hue,
Ere fled in terror from the sky the zephyrs'
Court—Havelock his dusky soldiers gathered,
With his pale-faced few; and from his lips came
Forth the words of truth and righteousness, of
Peace that passeth knowledge, and of truth that
Grey hoar ages cannot dim, nor yet
The clever chemist to other elements
Resolve its parts constituent. Like to
The flowing of a mighty river, calm
Yet grand in its strong, vast immensity,
The subject matter that flowed from his lips:
As down the mountain's shady side the
Falling water spreads around bright beads of
Crystal mist, cooling the heated air and
Scattering sweet refreshing breaths to weary,
Jaded, dusty travellers passing by;
So Havelock's words wiped out the confused writing
On life's tablet, renewed the vigour of
Their souls, and showed them ready, when their

Feeble pulses, rebellious, halted on
Their courses, another life, no visionary
Quest. Stirred deep their hearts as he discoursed
Of those who built Jerusalem's walls, with
Sword in one hand, trowel grasped in the other,
Ready to fight for home and country.
Well he knew that all his eager hearers
Would confront the foe with no white-lipped nor
Flickering, sickly courage, born of
Compulsion, nursèd by despair; but as
The healthy, strong-limb'd child swaddled in clothes,
Glowing with hope, fed by the conscientious
Self-sustaining, and upholding voice of Duty.

And as he told of
Wars, he turned the vision of the human
Warring to similitude of that within,
Which every human being carries on,
And wins the victory, or is straight
Immured thro' ignoble defeat. And so
In calmness sped his life along, like to
A shining stream, in sinuous curves, o'er
Beds of gravel gurgles on, laughs rippling
Thro' a turf-clad park, toying with clustering
Columbines and sweet forget-me-nots in
Solemn silence, its own trickling but the
Murmuring symphony to birds' chorale.
Suddenly, like the murmurs of the
Volcanic mountain, ere busts forth the pent

Up lava, the subterranean groanings
Striking terror to the hearts of all
Beholders, came the flashing news of India's
Hydra-head rebellion. Ghastly, cruel!
Revolting were the tidings. Havelock the
Iolas to burn the nerves, to crush the
Monster, and do to death the giant
Typhon's ghastly offspring; remorseless
Hydra-head rebellion. Young, weak, and old;
Fair, strong, and brave, fell stricken, bloody, ghastly
Corses, by the hands of foresworn images
Of men. Crimson the sacred stream ran
Shuddering on its course, and the cool
Fountains blushed with shame and guilty knowledge.
The hideous face of Hindooism unmasked,
Glared frightfully on England's far-off sons,
And well-remembered, well-loved daughters,
Gloating in lust of blood; deeming that
Retribution halted impotent afar.
A shudder crept thro' England's heart, as if,
In midsummer, a fall of snow had chilled
The reapers in the field, and hail had driven
The leasers from their task, with agues
Shivering in their unprepared limbs;
And ice had gathered round the sheaves of wheat,
And numbed the hands while garnering them to home.

Havelock the gentle
Heard these distant sounds, as hears the woodland

The first whistle of the coming gale; as
Hears the sailor the far-off moaning of
The rising wind, which bids him clear the decks,
His eyes flashed blazingly as he urged on
His faithful men. He told them how, like sheep,
Their sons and daughters were being slain, and
English homes but shambles horrible, made
Ghastly by fierce wanton slaughter.
How their comrades' unburied, bloody,
Ravished corses cried aloud to Heaven
For justice on their murderers; that
England's eyes were on her few and faithful
Sons, to wipe out the dark stain and save her
Realm of India. Drawing his sword, he cried:
"On, on, my braves! and unto us the victory
Shall be!" And so it was, for very soon
His name alone struck terror grim unto
The rebels' hearts. Like to an avalanche
Down the Alps' steep treacherous sides, which in
Its course resistless sweeps from out its life,
All that obstructs its way; destruction in
Its right hand holds; and in its left finality;
Havelock swept on: his sword the tide of
Battle turned. Colossal armies 'fore him
Dwindled into coward-stricken, retreating
Mob battalions, shuddering in terror
As away they fled. A grateful country
Wreathed for him laurel crowns! and waited for
His coming home to hail him conqueror!

The sting of frenzied mutiny he drew,
And scotched the serpent in its lair: still had
To stamp some lingering embers out, when
God required him, and took him home, to fill
The gap in heaven his absence made!

Pour out a libation of rich—
Of rich and grateful remembrance. Let the
Soughing of the giants of the forest
Tell in their topmost branches, that Havelock
Saved to us India! Let the roaring waves
Of the ocean bear the refrain on their
Bosom; and the birds of the air waft it
Thro' the eternal æther. Let cliff, from
Peak to peak, and its clefts re-echo the
Wording. Let lightnings and thunders, reverberating,
Stamp indelibly his name on our memory.
Havelock the mighty, the humble, the good;
The saviour of India! When the pain of
The wound shall assuage, and time shall cover
O'er the scarrings, mothers shall sing to their
Infants of Havelock, the mighty in battle,
Havelock, the preacher of doctrine, and the
Terrible chief of the armies; teach them
In musical numbers, that virtue and its
Concomitant, religion, makes a man's
Heart far more bolder than mere brute courage
And valour unreasoning.

THE SABBATH.

HAIL, sacred day! Welcome, thou day of rest!
Who loves thy sacred dawning, surely 's blest!
Each morn the brain, still tired, lags into life;
Sleep easing only the attrition's strife,
Till comes the sabbath; then the soul conceives
Real rest has come. That rest which oft relieves
For a short time the o'er-charged mental strain,
And lifts the dangerous pressure off the brain
For a short time: too short a time, alas!
Like crested foam upon the sea waves pass.
But while the sabbath shines our wearied hearts
Look up: To life all heavenly feeling starts;
And the Creator, by His all powerful will,
Speaks to us, whispering softly: "Peace, be still."

HIS works to HIM their thankful voices raise;
On this blest day the earth 's one hymn of praise;
Inanimate to us—to him, with living 's rife;
Dead, worthless, that we deem, He sees has life.
There 's nothing on the earth that meets the eye,
But on this day speaks to the list'ning sky,
And praises all the powerof that Hand
Who the glad sabbath day so wisely planned,
And willed, for this one day, that all should "Rest."

O sacred word! no more can do the blest
Save happy be; they rest for evermore,
We but few days upon time's waiting shore.

The very air that fans our wearied cheeks,
Of His great wonders on this one day speaks;
While charming songsters cleaving th' æthereal mass,
Warble sweet praises as they swiftly pass:
Full of heart joy, their feathered bosoms press
The yielding air, while both to both confess
That rest is good. The leaves, the trees, the flowers,
The forests darkling, sunshine, drought, and showers;
The ocean tossing, the sea, the beauteous lake,
Heat, ice and snow, a glorious chorus make,
All praising Him who o'er vast space holds sway,
And blessings giving for this sacred day.

Mortals, deluded, chained—in other climes,
Lose this glad sense at cease of morning chimes.
To God—till midday—say—they give their cares,
And grudging, hurry, slave-like through their prayers;
Then in vain pleasures close the sacred day;
Wake up next morning, go their usual way,
Tired, weary, jaded; brain and body worn.
If wherefore told—the warning words would scorn,
Till the high pressure of their o'er-worked brains
Drive them distracted, and their flags with stains
Of brother's blood trail thro' the shudd'ring air,
And fiends incarnate make their hearts their lair.

Foul revolutions chronic curse their land
Because no Sabbath's rest their hearts demand.

Alas ! in England all is not quite right :
Drugged men forever think will last their might :
Refuse to rest, to pray, or praise. Alas ! too soon
They perish, mind and body, 'ere 'tis noon
Of life ! The gaping earth its dust 'gain craves
Of those unthinking, digging their own graves.
Like ships bereft of anchor, helm, or hope,
They drift in darkness, for some haven grope ;
While whelming waves about them fiercely roll ;
For rest they sigh, but rest 's beyond control :
Unto earth's toil they cling, like galley slaves,
Till swallowed by the restless waiting waves.

Sabbath ! thou emblem of the soul's release,
Thy coming, o'er our hearts breathes sacred peace :
We join with nature in her hymns of praise,
We thank our Maker for this day of days.
The sparkling sunshine to our resting minds
Comes beaming blessings, drawing down the blinds,
And chasing out the damps of earthly toil,
Which other days comes joyous peace to spoil.
As the fair lilies, that toil not, neither spin,
But from their Maker all their beauties win ;
So His pure love calms the o'er-anxious thought,
Which, lovingly, is to our bosoms caught,
And nursed, and worshipped, till its frantic care

Feebles our pulses, stagnates all the air,
Becomes a germ of madness in the brain,
Till, like upon the parchéd earth falls rain,
His love, distilled, descends before too late:
His hand lifts off our soul the crushing weight
Of earth's despair, its rasping troubles cease,
On this thrice-blessed day of sacred peace.

Who, then, would change this quiet day of rest
For all the pleasure that the throng call blest?
We would not barter such a peace as this
For all the toiling of their restless bliss.

Our little children learn to know, full soon,
When this day comes—a blessing and a boon.
Not by harsh bigotry taught to hate the name
Of "Christian Sabbath," which some, to their shame,
Impress on youth: the rather to employ
Their hearts in freedom, seeking higher joy
Than earth or all its teachings can afford.
So, looking back, they, like a golden cord
In threads of yarn, their Sabbaths past may view,
And to their hearts and selves be ever true.

The church bells sound upon the stilly air,
Calling God's toilers to the house of prayer,
Blending their harmony—their well-tuned praise—
With all the chorus, all the wondrous lays
From earth floating heavenward; man the least inclined

To tune in harmony his heart and mind.
The Turk at stated hours the muezzin calls;
By tom-tom heathens 'fore their idol falls,
Never forgetting, in their ignorant way,
The day, the hour, and the need to pray;
While we, who spend huge sums to better teach,
Cannot their praise's ardour half-way reach.

Oh, blessed chimes! I love to hear your sound;
Your cheerful pealing makes my heart rebound.
Calling, Come! come! come to the house of prayer;
While Come! come! come! re-echoes the listening air.
The hoary old tower wakes up into life;
The stones and the ivy with joyance are rife.

"Come, Betsy, haste, you need not dress in state;
I like to saunter; quick, or we'll be late.
Not dress nor bonnet should be worn to show
To envious lookers when to church we go;
Not there take fashion's fripperies and rage;
Rather no thoughts of self our time engage."

'Long the old road the stones seem extra still—
Seem resting—seem as if obeying His will:
Bidding the lowest form of nature's life
Cease from its six days' weary, battling strife.

'Long the old road, which thousands 'fore have trod,
We wend our way up to the house of God.

The neighbours treat us kindly as we pass,
And talk of many things: "How stands the glass?"
Says farmer Jones, "I've one field full of hay:
I hope 'twill last fine just another day."
"Good morning, ma'am," and with a cheery smile
A bright-faced peasant's lass talks on awhile:
"Yes, thank you, ma'am, my mother, tho' not well,
Is better much, and bade me to you tell
How *very* nice the things you sent her were;
How much she liked them; for your gracious care
She bade me thank you. Oh, you are *so* kind!"
"I'm glad," the quick reply, "but never mind
So many thanks, my girl. I'll call and see
If I can further useful to her be."

In busy towns we tread the well-paved street,
And scarce among the thousands one face meet
We e'er have met before. The bustling way
We with the jostling throng pace up to pray;
The paved road rumbles with some belate cab;
At a gin palace door a squalid drab
Sits, longing for the time to be let in,
To drown her sense of wretchedness with gin.
Shops, half-unshuttered, ply a sneaking trade,
Their owners hugging fancied gains they've made.
Dirt strews the street, foul scents pollute the air.
Perditas flaunt or shrink, no thought nor care
Of one kind heart to point a higher way,
Or help by purse and precept on this day;

Their past night spent in sad debauch and sin,
To church no chimes shall their lagged bodies win.

At length the sacred fane we all draw near,
Our hearts attuned some welcome words to hear:
A peaceful message, one of heavenly things,
Tidings down wafting on some angel's wings,
The path to Paradise to us disclose,
And light empyrean, heaven's glory shows,
Till our yearn'd hearts calm down in perfect peace,
And all the brain's fierce babblings quickly cease,
Like the glad sun's rays bursting thro' a cloud
That hangs around; like a rent, shattered shroud
Torn by a trance-held one, when once again
Life's blood, electric, starts up every vein,
Before the cover on the coffin is nailed fast,
Or weeping friends their looks have had the last.
Awake to life, comes up the solemn thought,
"The Sabbath Maker's here, we have Him sought."
From prayer to praise, and praise to prayer again,
From Litany to Allelujah's strain,
Our heart-felt feelings to our greatest Friend
In prayer and adoration swift ascend,
Till service o'er, lastly we lowly kneel,
And *ours* the words of blessing gladly feel.

The morning praise thus o'er, we homeward go,
Talking of sermon, singing, all we know,
In country; but in towns make swift our feet,

And hurry o'er the dirty, hard-paved street.
No words of sympathy: a toil well o'er,
We seek the house-bound, staring, bold street door.
In country oft unkind, cruel words are said,
And venal doings, guilty lapses made;
But when the quiet shades of home we reach,
And shut out every scornful, slanderous speech,
We feel "The peace of God" comes o'er our heart,
That in His promises we have a part.
The gentle soughing of the bowing trees,
The scented jasmines wafted on the breeze;
The stillness broken only by the notes
Of soaring lark, as heavenward he floats.
The very air, impregnate, lies at rest,
And Nature at our window breathes, "How blest!"

Oh, for that day! that long eternal joy,
That endless Sabbath, when we shall employ
Our hearts in fulness, telling of His love;
That day when with our friends we'll meet above.
No six day phantoming our one day's rest;
Eternity a Sabbath long and blest!

A LAMENT.

THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, M.A., BORN, JUNE 12, 1819; DIED, JANUARY 23, 1875.

> Tempore ducetur longo fortasse cicatrix :
> Horrent admotas vulnera cruda manus.—*Ovid.*

Gone from us? We, who loved him, in sorrow weep,
And bate breath'd whisper, as we sigh the words of woe!
Can it be true? say to us—"He 's fallen asleep,
To wake again!" Despair kills Hope, by answering, "No!

He sleeps too fast to wake, till the loud trumpet's sound
Shall shake the earth, and rouse him up to life again!"
Gone, gone? Doubting, we cast our wistful eyes around:
"Shall ne'er we see him more? No more! Is all hope vain?"

The laid-bare fibrous nerves are yet to touch too sore.
The well-spring of our hearts is broken—bubbling up;
Love for our lost-gone one, urges the brine drops o'er;
With Marah's water to the brim is filled our cup.

A Christian man! more man than priest; we loved him
well;
The sacred fire of love from him to us we trace;
But now they say, "He's gone!" Oh! how can faint
words tell
Our keen deep anguish, while we think that on his
face

We never, never more, may feast our loving eyes?
Hark to the booming knell! The dirge throughout
the land!
He 's gone! A wail of grief pierces the awe-struck
skies;
To see him gathered quickly by his Father's hand.

Not weight of years' maturing sunshine bowed him
down;
And like fruit over-ripe, falls off without a shock—
Fell he. The fiery chariot, with his glittering crown,
He mounted, seized, and 'way! What power now can
rock

Cruel racking, rasping mem'ry to forgetful sleep,
And anodyne our aching hearts to rest awhile?
Heat's sorrow has dried up our tears, we cannot
weep!
Our conscious sense seems numbed with this too
sudden trial.

Dust unto dust! The earth takes back no common man:
The Maker lends to us few of such worth as him.
Ephemeral his life, flashing but a span;
Goblet of essence divine, spilt ere full to the brim.

All unexpectedly came death, and turned it o'er.
Alas! his kindly smile we ne'er shall see again.
Touch not the wounds to heal them yet, they 're far too sore
With scarifying sadness, mournful, sorrowing pain.

Time, healing, *may* our woe assuage; but all our grief,
Nor time, can bring him back again! No glad 'morrow
For us with him! he 's gone! Cut down still in green leaf!
Oh, Kingsley, for thee, for THEE we sadly sorrow!

THE DYING CHRISTIAN, DEATH, AND THE ANGEL.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Art thou my foe? Then let me thy face see;
Come forth, and show how frightful thou canst be;
Why hidest thou? I dare thee to the fight!
Before me now display thy awful might.

DEATH.

Man is brave when the flowers of the Asphodels bloom,
And his eyes light up sparkling with love's dalliance delight.
But wait till I grapple, and he reads his fell doom,
See then what he thinks of eternity's might!

THE ANGEL.

Hark! Christian, what melodies now round thee ring:
The angels, the seraphs, hear what they sing:
Come home, come home to your Father's breast;
Leave the sad earth, and come home to your rest.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Come near me now, I long to feel thy breath
Breathe o'er my brow. Art thou the tyrant Death?
I am so bold that every terror 's fled.
Come, breathe thy cold, dank breath upon my head.

DEATH.

Man is brave when his senses are lulled to repose,
And thro' his fair locks his love's finger oft steals,
When he fancies there 's a world without sorrows or woes,
But wait till the miasma off Avernus he feels.

THE ANGEL.

Christian, hark to Heaven's harmonious, rapturous strains!
See the thrones of gold for the King who reigns.
He 's waiting to catch thy fleeting breath,
As soon as thou hast conquer'd boasting death.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Commence the strife! Ah! even now I feel
Around my life thy grisly fingers steal:
While ghastly ghouls gloat o'er their coming prey;
A dark cloud rolls right o'er the light of day.

DEATH.

Now thou feelest, thou brave one, that my power is great;
What thinkest thou now, that I 'll e'er let thee go?
Ha! ha! dost thou think there 's a happier state?
Thou must reap corruption, for that thou didst sow!

THE ANGEL.

O, see thro' the deep darkness and view midst the gloom,
What a glorious light 's shining over thy tomb.
Angels are waiting to waft thee away
Unto the realms of bright, endless day.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Away, away, with cheerful notes I rise
To endless day, as up the eagle flies
Towards the sun; I soon shall reach my goal,
My flight be done, when in sweet rest 's my soul.

DEATH.

Ha! Ha! I 've no need to hurry forward, my friend,
I have thee now safe, and thee safely I 'll bind:
The cold earth will hold thee till eternity's end,
Ha! Ha! wilt thou brave it, when chains round thee Thou'll find?

THE ANGEL.

Christian, there 's a crown for thee of thrice-refined
gold,
A splendid robe 's ready thy limbs to enfold.
Chariots of fire will patiently wait
To carry thy soul to eternity's gate.

THE CHRISTIAN.

But a kind friend art thou, O boasting Death,
Come, o'er me bend, and seize my feeble breath :
Then I shall shake thee off, the conq'ror be,
And take my flight midst shouts of "Victory!"

DEATH.

I 'm a conqueror absolute ! Darest thou defy me ?
I 'm a giant ! I 'll crush thee, thou miserable
wretch.
But, midst all thy tauntings, I can "fear" plainly see
Of my racking when all thy fair limbs I shall stretch.

THE ANGEL.

Christian, the flood is ablaze with a wonderful light,
And myriads of angels are coming in sight,
Ready to escort thee over the stream
Which dances and sparkles in the wondrous gleam.

THE CHRISTIAN.

My trusting heart longs to breathe Heaven's air,
Longs to part from this earth and all its care;
Come forth! don't hide! a coward thou 'rt indeed;
Where 's now thy pride? Defeat I plainly read.

DEATH.

My limbs they seem old, and the strength of my might
Is dwindled, as if blighted by a far mightier hand.
The earth-worm will certainly escape from my sight
'Less I can rouse up one effort, make one more firm stand.

THE ANGEL.

Heaven's beautiful gates, streets glittering with gold,
Glories await thee that cannot be told!
Jesus the power of death will control.
"Laugh at him now!" He saith to thy soul.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Thy humbled face is piteous now to see:
Defeat! disgrace! I 've won the victory!
Away I fly! get thee behind me, Death!
I die! I die! *Thou* canst not keep my breath!

DEATH.

I have sped my sharp dart, but 'tis robbed of its sting!
I am trampled on, spoiled, and my power is all gone.
I 've never been the same since Gabriel's strong wing
Bruised me so when on Calvary I slew the great "ONE."

THE ANGEL.

Ah, I see that you hear what your Saviour does say,
And Death, the rank coward, is slinking away.
Come home! Come home! Hear the whispers sweet:
God 's awaiting His loved one there to meet.

LILY, THE PET!

[Yesterday, under a bright sky, her Majesty again appeared among her people. The occasion was one which appealed to universal sympathy—the opening, by the Queen, of the new wing of the London Hospital. Her Majesty expressed a desire to be taken over the Alexandra Wing, which was joyfully acceded to by the agreeably-surprised officials. Amongst the sufferers was an intelligent little creature of four, who kept expressing the most anxious desire to see the Queen, adding, as the Rev. T. J. Rowsell came within earshot, that she believed she should get better directly if she could only see the Queen. Struck by the child's anxiety and by her remark, the rev. gentleman, on her Majesty's approach, informed her of the desire of her youthful subject. Immediately the Queen walked to the little girl's bedside, shook her hand, patted her cheek, and murmured a few words of sympathy and encouragement, leaving the delighted child with an impression that is not at all likely ever to fade away from her memory.—Daily Paper, March 8, 1876.]

As bright and as gay as a warm spring morn
  Was Lily, the darling! Lily, the pet!
The light of the household, since the day she was born,
  A sun which her parents thought never could set.

Her soft cheeks were dimpled, rosy and fair,
  And laughing her eyes were, dear little thing!
While over her forehead curled her bright golden hair
  Her fond ways a smile would from any face win.

Her father's return she watched for each eve,
Tiptoeing, hands clapping, awaited his kiss.
Howe'er tired or weary, from him she 'd receive
Such smiles and kisses; 't was her ideal of bliss.

One day her eyes dulled, her dear face was sad;
Her smile was all gone, her cheeks were both white;
Loosely down her limbs hung, in cold moisture were clad:
She drooped as a flower, struck down by cruel blight.

Tho' vast was their love, besides they had little,
And helpless they were to make Lily well:
Tenderly they bore her to the London Hospital;
Whilst tears for their darling, their pet, quickly fell.

As helpless she lay, her blue eyes so sad,
Came an extra stir in the wards one day.
Sister Kindheart whispered, "Soon now you 'll be glad!
For 'Victoria the Good' is coming this way."

The day came, and the hour: "The Queen, she comes!"
"God bless her!" the murmurs: "She thinks of the poor!"
And "God bless her!" echoed loud from a thousand homes.
"God bless her family, her basket, and store!"

The work being o'er of opening "The Wing,"
She asked for the children, of whom she much thought;
Her words made with melody the patients' hearts sing;
And presently, near to Lily's bed she was brought.

"Oh! I know, could I only but see the Queen,
I should soon be well!" and Lily's wistful eyes
Questioned the clergyman, and then soon they were seen,
Gazing doubtingly out on the far-off skies.

"God bless our Good Queen!" Lily's voice, tho' but weak,
She heard, and from high-born ones stept on one side,
Took hold Lily's hand, spoke kindly, patted her cheek,
And the little girl's heart swelled big with fond pride.

May that dear child live years many and long,
Also our "Good Queen," who, thro' Lily dear,
Has spoken to all our babes, the feeble and strong;
The name of "Victoria" may they ever revere.

And when Father Time shall turn o'er the last page
Of her history, written in colours so fair,
No words of our Queen shall more our fond thoughts engage,
Than those unto Lily, showing how vast her care.

BYRON.

He is gone, like a flower that has long passed from life,
While its clinging perfume is still wafted around.
With melody his beautiful notes are as rife
As those by which Orpheus Eurydice found.
With the fire of Prometheus his fervent words glow,
Like Hippocrene's waters from Helicon flow.
The gushing-forth fountains of his great genius seem
Like the all-glad reality of a beautiful dream.

He has reached that glad bourn where the weary have rest,
And rich the sarcophagus that shrineth his dust;
Exhaling fond yearnings by which now we are blest,
He's quietly sleeping till the day of the just.
His spirit, as we read, seems close to our side;
Unconsciously back o'er Time's whelming we ride,
And he lives! O yes! for what power
Can kill the rose-blooms that on Parnassus flower?

Long embalmed, none can now even mention his name,
But the cypress a fragrance of incense throws round;

While emblazoned with fire on the fair scroll of Fame,
All shining 'mongst the foremost, his name 's to be found.
Still wreathing around us from fair Arran's shore
Are the echoes, "Fare thee well," as he sighed o'er and o'er;
And oh! the lost love of his home
Broke his heart, as it bade him an exile to roam.

Raise up sleeping marble to his memory that 's dear,
Or pile up a rare shrine of jewels and gold;
And the noblest monuments men ever can rear
Shall vanish, and their site e'en fail to be told;
But his name shall live like the amaranth flower,
Growing alluringly brighter each passing hour.
The fragrance of Heav'n cannot die!
For ever, impalpable, it rolls thro' the sky.

The spirit-bloom of his name will for all time remain;
The grand force of those words that blazed out with such power
That, Herculean! a kingdom threw off its chain.
The love-glowing raptures of his harmonious lyre
Throb thro' every bosom like an inwoven spell,
Haunting intricate mem'ry e'er more there to dwell,
Like far-off chaunts from a minaret,
To "The Faithful" are enamouring! who him can forget?

A MINOR KEY.

How we love to call this a beautiful life,
When the sun shineth bright and fair,
And lifted from off us is the load of care,
And for awhile ceased is its strife!

We ought to be happy as much as we can;
For small is the portion, at most,
Of peace, and of comfort, left for us to boast
In our lives' short contracted span.

If we glad times possess, how swiftly they pass
Right away from our yearning view,
Like scorching heat absorbing the morning dew,
Burning up the beautiful grass.

Like the Dead Lake's fruit, so delicious to see,
A bless'd boon in the scorching heat;
But only dry ashes and painted deceit,
When tasted, it proveth to be.

Such is life: we grasp but shadowy air,
When we dream of earth's lasting peace;
Moments do come when we get a little release,
For we need a respite from care.

God gave us a son, and we thought him so fair,
Right gladly our hearts did rejoice,
Like spring flowers, the earliest of Nature's choice,
Blooming bright in the wintry air,

Softly whispering to us, "Winter is gone,"
Lifting their heads, merry and glad:
But wait; frost will make these gay flowers look sad,
When he comes 'gain swiftly along.

As the traveller, parch'd on the desert sand,
Quickly hastes to the distant lake:
No water is there his rav'ning thirst to slake,
The mirage he holds in his hand.

Thus we rejoiced o'er our son's young life,
The mirage quite blinded our eyes;
We hugged him close, as from Heaven a sent prize,
We were of his long future rife.

Bright pictures we drew of his coming career,
And breathed many prayers for our son;
But Death stepped in, and bade his young work be done,
And shuddered our hearts with keen fear.

Very softly he breathed his young life away;
We could scarcely believe him dead!
As we clasped him so tightly, his pure soul fled;
There was not one moment's delay.

We fancied a halo came the room all round,'
And 't was lit up with heav'nly light,
As the angels wafted his spirit from sight,
Rejoicing that him they 'd found.

It was hard—so hard—from our dear one to part,
To bury him under the ground.
In this cold world plenty of cruel work is found
For many a sorrowing heart.

THE TWO WATCHERS.

A WOMAN stood watching the lone north star ;
But away from that gem were her thoughts very far,
E'en away to that land that the star shines o'er ;
So sadly she watched from her drear home's door,
And dreamed of her love on the ice-bound shore.

A man lay watching the lone north star ;
But away from that gem were his thoughts very far,
E'en away to his home on the gay-flowered lea ;
So sadly he watched from the ancient sea,
And dreamed of his home 'neath the old elm tree.

She, as she watched, sighed, "Oh, why did we part?"
He, as he watched, felt Ice finger his heart.
He moaned, "Shall I never more see wife and home,
Breathe life in sunshine, and gaily o'er roam
The green sward, my fond wife watching me come?"

She smiled as she said, "I 'll good news hear soon;
I've seen in clear sky the horns of the moon.
When he comes, he shall ne'er go again, I declare.
Oh! he must come back from the Ice King's care."
But her word breathed less of hope than despair.

All dreary and ghastly, all fearsomely still,
Where he watched Nature's lone work was to kill,
And the skies were always dull, leaden, and grey.
"How different," he said, "in my home far away,
Where the lark sings merrily to opening day."

She scarcely could bear to think of the time
That should bring him back from that cold, drear clime;
"For it might not bring him; so far! oh, so far!"
Her tears blotted out the sight of the star,
And despair came near her bright hopes to mar.

A cruel, stilly form crept out of the skies,
And stealthily seized one watcher a prize.
'T was the merciless Ice King, saying, "Come! come!
Surrender to me, you'll never go home
And there o'er carpets of buttercups roam.

"Your warm blood was ne'er made to flow in this land,
So I'll be your friend. Just give me your hand.
You've entered my kingdom, and must pay the price."
So cold, unkind fingers cut thro' his life's splice,
Tho' warm ones laid him to sleep in the ice.

There 's now but one watching the lone north star;
But away from that gem are her thoughts very far.
She sobs as she murmurs, "I am watching alone!
Oh, why! oh, why! am I thus left to moan?
Can any such sorrow as mine e'er have known?"

All frozen he sleeps his last long drear sleep,
And she, poor lone thing, does nothing but weep.
Drear, drear is her home on the gay-flowered lea;
Drear, drear is his bed in the frozen sea;
But while the earth lasts, keen sorrows must be.

"I VOW"—"NOT NOW."

He loved; his wants were few, and she
  Was fair, in luxury bred, domesticated not.
    "I vow,"
She said, "A poor man's bride I ne'er can be,
  With tastes and looks like mine! I 'll none such lot!
    Not now."

They met; he pressed her hand, he sighed,
  And leaning o'er her, whispered, "Love, be mine!
    I vow——"
She, struggling, to release her fingers tried,
  And turning, pouting, murmured, "Can't be thine!
    Not now."

He said, "I 'll wait; I 'll serve with zeal,
  As Jacob for his Rachel served, my own,
    I vow."
She archly smiled: "If, sir, your love be real,
  I may say 'Yes,' when time like that has flown.
    Not now."

"Oh, cruel!" he said, "me to deceive!
I thought I'd but to ask to get this boon,
I vow."
"Hush! hush!" she said. "Who told you to believe
That I should like to be caught up so soon?
Not now."

"Farewell," he said. "I'll cross the sea;
I'll kill my woe upon a foreign shore,
I vow."
"Nay, *mal de mer* thou lov'st, then, more than me,"
She laughed; "but then you are so very poor.
Not now."

"You quiz! my heart, 'tis in a maze
Of hope! of doubt! of fear! Say but one word.
I vow——"
"Vowing again! this vowing is your craze;
I can't say 'Yes' just now; 'tis too absurd.
Not now."

"Your looks have bid me deem you love.
Do but say 'Yes;' I will devote my all,
I vow!"
"Ah, yes! you do my heart a trifle move."
"Ha!" "But then your salary's so very small!
Not now."

Her hand he fondly seized, and sighed:
"'Tis poverty, I see, that stops the way,
I vow!"
"Ah, yes! you can't afford for me to ride!
Go and get rich, and ask some other day—
Not now!"

She ran then swiftly from his side:
He said, "She cannot love: cruel is her smile,
I vow!
I'll *try* to leave her, what may e'er betide:
I can't shake off the glamour of her guile—
Not now!"

He lived all lonely, struggled hard:
Got rich! then to an humble maiden said:
"I vow,
I'm poor! Be mine! Our lot it may be hard!"
"*I love!* I can't say No," replied the maid:
"Not now!"

Years passed: he and his first love met:
She knew him rich; now, hard to please him tried.
"I vow,"
He said, "I love:" "Ah, yes!" "Not you!" "And yet—?"
"Because I'm married, you can't be my bride:
Not now!"

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

THE tempest-shaken, worn-out bark
  Is laid by useless, all her timbers rotten,
  All her past usefulness forgotten;
And every staunchion shows the mark
Of labour done.

  The old oak tree,
  Whose spreading limbs have oft defied the gale,
  Falls down at last. The life must fail
Sooner or later.

  If it be
From age, we've not great cause to mourn.
  Nature does well her work when Time steps in;
  But when Death does his work b gin
Upon the sapling,

  Then forlorn
We weep, and hardly seem to know,
  That God unto Himself full early takes
  Those whom He loveth well.
  He makes
Our tears of sorrow fast to flow.

Oft will the time-worn vessels brave
The storm—laugh at the tempest's awful frown.
While ships but newly built go down,
And sink beneath the whelming wave.

The canker worm attacks the sprig,
Which promises so well, and bids so fair;
And yet the gaunt old trunk 't will spare,
To see a thousand not so big
Or old cut down.

Let us not sigh:
'Tis but the will of God!
The heavens rung
With joy ecstatic, and the seraphs sung
Loud hallelujahs, as on high
They bore him safe to Jesu's breast.

Thro' seas of tribulation he went home;
In rapturous bliss he'll now for ever roam
Thro' fields of living green, at rest.

We hope one day that we shall meet him there;
And then, 't may be, shall understand, the rod
Is always used in perfect love by God;
And then, with him, the joys of heav'n shall share.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

THE sun shines bright, the lark soars high ;
How sweet 's his warbling lay !
I hear some children's careless laugh :
How merrily they play !

Once I could laugh, and play full well,
Was merriest of the throng :
But mirth and I have bid farewell—
The time ago seems long.

I never more shall wend my way
By paths I loved to roam,
The grassy slopes, the shady roads,
Around my childhood's home.

Dear old church choir ! you will me miss !
I ne'er shall see you more.
Farewell, good friends. Farewell, earth's bliss !
I'm drifting from time's shore !

Calm are my thoughts, tho' weak my frame ;
But once, how light and gay !
I know life's sands are running fast
Right thro' the glass away.

Ope' wide the window! Are you there,
My mother dear? Once more
I 'd like to breathe the spring's soft air,
Before the daylight 's o'er.

Oh, yes! I love the bright blue sky!
The fields, the air, the sea!
Look! there 's the nook where oft we 've sat.
How gay 's the chestnut tree!

'Neath it we 've sung; oh, sing to me
The songs you know I love:
'T will cheer my heart o'er death's dark sea,
Till I hear the choirs above.

Yours is the trial that I should go:
For you, I'd wish to stay:
But see,—It 's God, my mother dear,
That 's calling me away.

'T will only be a little while,
Ere I shall come again,
God's angel, sent you in this trial,
To help you bear its pain.

Bend down your head and let me feel
That you are near me now.
Your kiss drives off the chilly damp
That gathers on my brow.

Death's messenger has sped his dart;
He soon will take my breath.
I fear him not! God holds my heart!
I ask no respite, Death!

How dark it 's getting all around!
Draw back the curtains, wide!
Where are you, mother? I can't see
You sitting by my side.

My eye-sight fails, my breath comes slow.
Clasp, clasp me to your breast!
Heaven calls! Earth bids me cling below!
I love my heaven the best.

My Mother dear! weep not, nor sob,
Because I say, "Good bye."
Give me your hand. See, I am calm!
God makes it light to die.

Life's cable 's cut. The angels' wings
Are clapping round my head.
They 'll waft me up, while all heav'n rings,
"She sleeps! She is not dead!"

THE FIGHT.

STAND by your guns, men! He is now bearing down;
His huge ugly hull is quite clearly in sight;
Black and forbidding as a cruel tyrant's frown,
Or the few small hours of a dark, dirty night.

Ha ha, now! What an easy prey we shall fall!
Luff! Steady, boys! Run up our flag to the fore.
The saucy *Arethusa* will open the ball,
Tho' the foe's big guns are plus hers near a score.

Well ram your sharks home, boys, and make your aim sure.
Fire! Ha! That 's a good shot, and very well meant;
Aim at his rigging! His main-mast 's falling o'er;
Ha! ha! See his sails are all awfully rent.

His grape-shot is falling around us like hail;
And pretty well hacked up our rigging is, too.
Cheer up, boys! Run our "barkers" out o'er the rail:
We 'll sweep their decks clean with a bull-dog or two.

Brave messmates! what now is the state of the hold?
"Hi, hi, sir, damp like! nearly full is the well."
That news, then, must make us, men, only more bold;
This is rather hot work, tho' all our shots tell.

He 's signaling a truce; steady boys! avast!
He says, "Down with your flag, you 're sinking, you 'll find."
Very sorry I can't! It 's nailed to the mast!
Till we sink, out defiant 't will float on the wind.

No truce, boys! Ha, ha! come, brave hearts, with a cheer
Follow me, boarders! Up that ugly hull swarm!
Now for country! for home! for the girl that 's dear!
Fight like tigers, my men! We 'll give it them warm.

Brave mate, seize the helm! See the cowards, they fly!
Quick! batten the hatches, and tear down their rag!
Hurrah for Old England! We 'll conquer or die;
But we 'll never disgrace our glorious old flag.

MY "SIMPLE" FRIEND.

To him the world seemed always fair;
  A Paradise still fit for man.
He deemed God's hand was everywhere,
  As when He first the work began.
He gave no thought to Nature's laws;
But looked straight to a One First Cause.

To him, a glowing sunset spoke
  Of glories from mere mortals hid:
And when dim daylight slowly broke,
  He murmur'd, "Thou must do as bid."
Each day seemed grander than the last,
And the sun's rays a rich repast.

Man's complex state oft vexed his heart:
  The perfect man, cursed by The Fall—
This man was of himself a part:
  He often tried to burst the thrall.
He thought all Nature perfect, pure;
Man's lot to live, and to endure.

If e'er he breathed a wish to die,
  'Twas when his heart was over sad
With the rough worrying jostling by,
  Which sometimes to endure he had.
"My Father 's good, I know full well!"
He 'd murmur. "He my hour will tell."

The rippling waters, waving trees,
  Would fill his bosom with delight:
He was at home with such as these;
  They were the pleasures of his sight.
The star-flecked heavens, when day asleep,
Caused o'er him wondrous joy to creep.

The smallest twig, the tiniest stone,
  To him bore still their Maker's stamp.
He thought the sun Jehovah's throne,
  The evening star an angel's lamp.
Each day brought forth some fresh surprise,
To gladden full his wondering eyes.

He could have lived in hermit's cell,
  And ne'er have deemed he was alone;
Or on some drear, lone desert dwell,
  And cell and waste have living grown.
Dark, silent shades, or gloomy wood,
His words would soon have understood.

Alas! he felt the slightest touch
  Of rude neglect, or covert sneer.
Earth's wise ones understood not such!
  Could have no pity for his tear.
His Master read his heart aright,
And early took him from their sight.

THE AMBUSCADE.

HARK ! hark, my men, to that muffled sound,
'Tis the tramping of troops I know :
Then shrink down close to the shelt'ring ground,
Quite ready to welcome the foe.

Hist ! hist, my men ! you must scarcely breathe !
For their waving plumes are in sight ;
Keep close, don't one his present place leave,
They 'll scarce reconnoitre to-night.

Be steady, don't hurry ! Take aim—fire !
Ha ! well indeed may they quail ;
They double up like an o'erstrained wire,
And reel like a ship in a gale !

Start up ! start up ! fix your bayonets fast,
They 'll be off before we get near ;
Charge, charge ! haste, haste ! Hark ! their bugles' blast !
Chill their hearts with a ringing cheer !

They fly ! I 'm hit ! but ne'er mind me,
To sweep them away you must try.
On, on ! I must rest me under this tree ;
Till you come back there I will lie.

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER.

LIGHT the lantern, keep it burning,
Many ships are sailing home;
And the wind the waves is churning,
Lashing fiercely into foam;
By the cliff the gulls are shrieking,
Loud of coming danger speaking.

Sound the fog-horn! toll the storm-bell!
For there 's coming o'er the sea,
Floating on the ocean's fierce swell,
Mournful sounds well known to me:
'Tis a gun some ship is firing,
Aid she 's wanting and desiring.

Hark the booming! but the loud roar
Of the wind-tossed waves foaming,
Breaking on the rocky, bleak shore,
Darker far than eve's gloaming,
Will, I 'm much and greatly fearing,
Keep the life-boat men from hearing.

Still she signals. Oh, the cruel cloud
Fog, far worse than storm's falling;
Sea and land 's wrap'd in a grey cloud:
Little use her now calling.
'T may be, wind will soon be veering,
Blow them from the rock they're nearing.

That's her one hope. Oh, may wind come !
  Hark ! her signals sound nearer ;
All the pilots of the kingdom
  Soon could not safely steer her.
E'en the waves up here are dashing,
And the outside windows smashing.

Still the booming! What a dense fog !
  But the wind is veering, see !
P'rhaps the last page of her fair log
  E'en now will not written be.
See the cliff ! the fog is lifting,
And the wind is really shifting.

Sound the fog-horn ! Toll the storm-bell !
  She will hear, and clear away.
See the life-boat cleaves the fierce swell,
  Dashing, tossing off the spray
Like a petrel : swift they on bound :
  Where there 's danger their brave crew 's found.

Ha ! she hears us, see the glad sun !
  Now she 's safe, she clears, she 's free !
Mate, your turn 's come, and my work 's done,
  Mind the light shows out to sea.
I am weary of the sad waves,
But the signal blessed life saves.

JUSTICE.

THE eyes of stern Justice surely ne'er should be blind,
As she holds her scales, poising them equal and fair;
Else, when the wrong scale mounts, how then can she find
That Guilt 's not kicked Honesty up in the air?
The scales should show balance, and the sword should strike awe,
But the weighing and striking is but dicing by law.

For a time, none fares better than a bold brazen knave;
True honesty scorns e'en to think about wrong:
But the 'cute one laughs "Ha! ha! get cash and save!"
And he 's oft the worshipped one of the throng.
It is hard to win riches in a true honest way;
But then, "all men are honest till found out," so they say.

In this whited-tomb-world extremes very oft meet,
And small is the diff'rence 'twixt rogues and some fools;

Man 's not deemed a fool if, *unknown*, he can cheat :
Get rich, and dress well ! this is Justice's rules.
By chance a rich rascal may be unearthed, it is true,
For 'tis this the law 's ever ENDEAVOURING to do.

As we go thro' the world, they who seem to thrive best
Are the us'rer, the liar, the cringing, mean wretch !
True, some honest men have won well-deserved rest,
But what price in the market will honesty fetch ?
It is not a quoted commodity at all,
Stern Justice has her eyes closed : the weak go to the wall.

Never mind, brother, strive ! integrity's reward
Is conscience approving. We may suffer, 'tis true,
Let us falter no moments because we 're debarred,
By honesty, from massing great wealth, as some do.
Justice, blind on this earth, is awake in the sky,
And depend on it, brother, things will be right by-and-bye.

THE STREAM.

FROM mossy slope of wood-crown'd hill,
Oozing, flows forth a trickling rill ;
Stealing from rustling beds of reed,
And slyly flowing across the mead,
Meandering along 'mongst noble trees
That in the summer's grateful breeze
Have waving branches, trembling leaves,
That laugh to scorn the sultry air,
While such refreshing moisture 's there.

Near where the waters humbly flow,
The cob and hazel wildly grow,
And aërial songsters swarm these groves ;
In sweetest music tell their loves,
And rear young twitterers on the spot :
Whose warbling cheers the fountain's lot,
Which oft they kiss, then sing its praise,
In glorious song their voices raise ;
Faint rippling water, gurgling notes,
A festive chorale onward floats ;
While zephyrs from the balmy skies
With the glad music mix their sighs.
Up from the vale come other sounds ;

The chimes of life : the sheep dog rounds
With noisy bark his fleecy care ;
Then, babe-like, screams some wired hare :
Poor timid puss, in cruel wire noose !
A strutting pigeon loving coos
In chorus with a chat'ring jay ;
While further down the vale, away,
The lowing kine haste 'cross the field,
As comes the milk-maid for their yield.
Like trumpet's blast a bull's loud blare
Startles the peaceful summer air,
And rumbles up the moss-clad hill ;
Then, for a moment, all is still :
Till, from a nearer sheltered glen,
Is heard, subdued, the sounds of men :
The woa ! wo ! of a carter's voice ;
The reaper's song, as their hearts rejoice ;
The burring whirr of sharpening steel;
Loud laughter's merry, joyous peal :
While from the church's hoary tower
The clear old bell chimes out the hour,
And murmuring vibrates on the wind ;
Who, breathing gleeful, joys to find
The laughing streamlet gay as he ;
Then thinks upon the stormy sea,
Where one day they should meet again,
A howling blast ! a raging main !
In giant gambols breeding fear ;
Grand ! awful ! in their mad career.

From off the hill afar are seen
Fields gaily swathed in emerald green;
A noble mansion, spreading park,
Tall handsome trees, and copsewood dark;
Bright swelling waves of golden grain
Stretch all across the distant plain,
While near 's a farm with well-stocked yard,
Colts frisking on the springy sward,
Through which flows on the meand'ring stream,
Like molten silver's dazzling gleam.
A crystal ribbon from the hill,
A tiny, joyous, gladsome rill,
Trembling in glamorous waves of heat,
Telling where vale and hill-side meet,
Beauteous in birth, its future free,
Its fate the far off, waiting sea.

As on its way it swiftly flows,
The streamlet wide and wider grows;
While gathering waters help to fill,
From many another tiny rill,
The wider channel that it takes,
As more room for itself it makes.
Coursing towards the distant sea,
A thing of power soon 't will be;
Now dancing, sparkling, bright and gay,
Sunshine glorious lights its way.
Not a sorrow lurks on its face,
Nor hindering ripple stops its pace.

Conceived in caverns far from view,
Born of the mist and gathering dew,
Lovely art thou, O little rill!
With unique beauty, never still!
Myriads of bubbles flash and gleam,
Jewels evanescent of the stream,
That clear as crystal swiftly flows;
While over all the soft wind blows
Its lullaby of sweet repose.

Soon the stream higher and higher,
Glides along 'neath brake and briar,
Coying with ferns in copsewood shade,
Watching the fawns drink in the glade.
Weary and sad, darksome and drear,
Laughing in sunshine, sparkling and clear;
Twining and turning, full of fun;
Scorning in parallel lines to run;
Flirting, as skims its surface bright
The dainty swallow in his flight.
On, on it floats its merry way,
Ne'er a moment able to stay;
Joyously dancing in the sun,
Happy its young life, just begun.
Meandering, purling, gladsomely free,
Hastening on to the boundless sea.
Wearied cattle lie near its brink,
Freely the limpid liquid drink,

Stand in its crystal, cooling flood,
While leisurely they chew the cud;
And on, and on, the stream still speeds,
O'er shallow banks, by beds of reeds,
O'er gravel golden, clear, and bright,
O'er oozy mud as black as night;
Twining and twisting on its course,
By flowering heath, by lonely gorse,
And dreamy lovers' fondest gaze
Is on the streamlet in a maze
Of wondrous joy and happiness,
As they their inmost thoughts confess;
While to its edge comes down the turf,
Laved by the water, and its surf
Gathers along the fringe of green,
As thirsty o'er it gladly lean
The stunted waving willow tree,
And bullrush—as towards the sea,
Floats on the stream the way it takes,
Stray leaves and chips from neighb'ring brakes.
Coquetting with rebuffs it meets,
It, proudly, broader channel greets;
And wonders when, if e'er 't will be,
A grand old river near the sea.

Soon more thoughtful it glides along,
Hopes of the future growing strong,
Gradually beginning to feel
Its fancied power becoming real.

Deep is its volume, deep and black,
Not a glad ripple marks its track.
Like polished ebon smooth as glass—
On, on, it glides, a powerful mass;
The trees that nearly interlace,
Have faithful reflect on its face;
And every cloud, each passing gleam
Of sunshine, shows upon the stream,
As grandly on its course it flows,
And every moment lovelier grows.
Ambition stirs the once small stream,
The happy hill-side seems a dream,
It thinks some noble work to do,
A wider channel passes thro',
And fancy paints as near at hand,
A future glorious and grand.

The stream soon spreads on left and right,
And covers holes as black as night,
Where lurking waits the hungry pike,
Ready unwary prey to strike;
And wields by force a tyrant's sway,
A dread and terror night and day:
Till comes a mightier one than he,
Or angler sets his subjects free.
The prickly perch, the roach, the dace,
Find in its bed a resting place;
Fair lilies dot its surface o'er,
And graceful listen to the roar

That comes up from the lower stream,
While the proud waters flashing gleam,
Full of grand work yet to be done,
Of victories wrested, honours won,
What power now can bid it stay?
It thinks, as on it floats its way;
But ha! with wrath its ripples shake!
It flows 'gainst stakes of ugly make,
All its fair dreams begin to die,
As the rough piles it passes by.

Suddenly thro' a narrow door,
It flows along with sullen roar;
Slimy and foul is its channel cramp'd,
Slavery 's on its bosom stamp'd;
Man has caught the strength of the stream,
Of no bright future is now its dream.
Thus grasped hold in its glad career,
On it flows, too noble to fear!
Thinking, p'rhaps, all yet would be right;
Who'd dare play with its giant might?
Thinking, p'rhaps, a short time would see
It out its dreary prison, free!
Dancing on to the bright blue sea.
Wondering what its work in this place,
Trembling on at its hastened pace,
And o'er the mill-wheel made to race;
All its strength lost in the fierce toil,
Foaming with rage it seems to boil

O'er the mill-wheel, angry and mad;
Broken and spent from its prison sad,
Bubbling and frothing in fierce rage,
Ready all sort of foes t' engage.
Feeling this its first trial, how hard,
Dashing itself on the springy sward,
Which lines the fuming waters' bank,
All overgrown with nettles rank,
And stunted pollards, osier beds,
Which 'yond the treach'rous landing spreads.
The water tosses high its spray,
Lashing out in a furious way.
Nature, charmed with the lovely sight,
Throws through the fierce drops colour bright,
Gorgeous tintings of every hue,
All of the prism, appear in view,
Blended with Sol's rays, fair and warm,
The stream is calmed as by a charm:
Teaching that in this world of strife,
Humility is the crown of life.
Coming o'er all, the faintest breeze,
The south wind, trying thus to please,
For civilized it has not been:
So kindly feelings oft are seen.
Flow, silver stream, thou hast no heart,
Thou canst not feel the words that smart:
"If I can swim, then sink who may;"
Flow on, sweet stream, flow on thy way.

Soon it laughs o'er a large expanse ;
Welling gaily, its waters dance,
And spread abroad, a handsome lake,
In which grand trees their toilet make,
The oak, the elm, the stately beech
Within the park, whose large grounds reach
All round the lake ; while higher stands
The noble mansion—work of hands
Long still—deviceless—and en-graved,
Who in the crystal waters laved :
The waters, tho' long years have flown,
Running as fresh as when first known ;
While shadows from the hills are cast,
As on the stream runs gently past :
On, on, like life, and all one way,
The stream to ocean—life, decay.

The moor hen on the sedgy bank,
'Midst growth of rushes, wild and rank,
Builds her frail nest—with instinct heeds
To hide it safe amongst the weeds ;
And swimming thence becomes the prey
Of some keen sportsman, who that way,
On pleasure bent, his cruel steps wends:
The sharp report of fire-arms blends
With the poor moor hen's feeble cries ;
The water blushes as she dies.
Stately floats on the king of birds,
Who with no other species herds ;

Smooths his white feathers, rears his crest,
And proudly bears in front his breast;
As stately o'er the stream he glides,
Majestic on the water rides!
An ornament of beauty fair,
A fitting object to be there.
It seems could ruffle him no storm,
As with arched neck and snowy form,
Calm as is well-earned labour's sleep,
He moves upon the silent deep.

The roadway to the mansion goes,
Across the lake which each side flows,
And spans its limpid surface o'er,
Reaching across from shore to shore.
Two noble bridges built of stone,
These in its bosom all alone
Stand, for the road across to reach;
While silver firs, and copper beech,
Their colours grand together blend,
Make gay the causeway end to end.
Along the island—lovely spots!
Where wildly grow forget-me-nots.
Plover and curlew frequent there,
And clamouring wild fowl rouse the air;
While wheeling o'er wild beds of sedge,
Which grow out 'yond the island's edge,
They, jealous, watch their flimsy nests,
Wherein the all they love safe rests:

And thro' the bridges flows the stream,
And in their shadow basks the bream,
The tiny minnow, tench, and carp:
While outlined 'gainst the azure sharp
The bridges stand, their stones o'erspread
With moss and ivy to them wed;
On spiral balustrade, the green
Encrusted mould of years is seen;
Time struggling all things to decay,
Till it and all things pass away.

Towards the close of day is there
A lady, beauteous, charming, fair;
Down the worn steps into a boat,
Which on the sun-lit waters float,
With tender care she leads her boy:
He like her beautiful! What joy
The rippling water feels as now
It gurgles round the gilded prow,
That soft indents the yielding stream,
Which at such pleasures brighter gleam.
The lady soon her fingers hides,
As buoyantly her small boat rides;
While loving smiles light up her face,
As her bright fancy pictures trace
Upon the faithless waters there,
And leaves to fate their future's care.
As her skilled oarsman gently rows,
The water dances as it flows

Around her lily-jewelled hands,
As toying with the water, bands
Of circling ripples joyous bound,
And sparklingly her hands surround :
While brighter jewels from off them fall
Than diamond, emerald, or them all
That in gold's prisoned, fast caress,
Her taper fingers gently press,
As swiftly from the water's grasp,
She flirtingly her hands unclasp,
Impearled all over with the gleam
Of flashing crystals from the stream.
The stately swans do not her fear,
But round her swim and come quite near
Her light gondola—gilded boat—
To catch choice morsels as they float
From out her hand, unto them thrown :
It seems that old friends they have grown,
And well they know her boy's glad voice,
His merry laughter's loud rejoice,
Joined with his mother's silvery notes,
Which 'cross the charmèd water floats,
While soaring larks from far on high,
Warble unto the list'ning sky !
The cawing rooks a chorus make
As o'er the scene their flight they take ;
While hawthorn's perfume scents the air,
And wearied cattle fast repair

To take their ev'ning limpid meal,
And all its cooling influence feel.

More beautiful this scene alone,
Than marble aisles of fretted stone,
Or any work of human hands,
Which nature in no need of stands.

The red sun dips, and all aglow,
Crimson and gold, the waters flow:
'Till twilight, whispering, gently calls
On night—and darkness o'er all falls,
Until the moon-beams modest bathe,
And sport on every rippling wave,
Where not long since the wanton sun,
Had all his fill of bathing done;
But on the stream floats, on its way,
Regardless both of night and day.

Leaving this beautiful scene behind,
Ne'er such another will it find.

By the pollard, scant and drear,
No longer now a handsome mere:
By the common's parchèd ground,
O'er the weir with a rushing sound,
Soon with anger its waters swell,
As it flows along the straight canal.

Ugly barges float on it now,
No gondola with gilded prow:
Weary horses struggle and moil,
Jaded with their lengthened toil;
Towing big, ugly boats along
To the sound of the helmsman's song.
Forced into locks, thro' narrow ways,
Never receiving any praise;
Struggling, never free from its pain,
For the fair lake longing in vain;
Thinking of home on the far-off hill,
When it was only an humble rill.
Learning slowly, if great 't should be,
All must be lost in the distant sea.
By stately castles, noble halls,
Now smooth as glass, now fierce, it falls;
O'er rocky deeps, 'cross level plains,
Forgetful of its many pains;
Looking for what its end must be,
On, on it rushes to the sea;
And what was once a tiny stream,
A noble river now we deem.

The thirsty sea hastes up to greet
The river, and they smoothly meet;
Smooth as false friends, who in their heart
Cruel ruin mean, yet smile their part.
As river meets the ocean's taste,
The sea o'erwhelms it in its waste.

The stream that trickled down the hill,
The tiny streak, the sparkling rill,
Is swallowed in the ocean's tides,
Which unseen all the streamlet hides,
Effacing e'en the slightest trace
Of the proud river's resting place.

I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee in the midnight hour,
Though sleep supreme reigneth with power,
Thou, in my fond dream, chief place keeping,
Happy I must be:
Or if waking, and not sleeping,
I think of thee!

I think of thee in the morning light:
When comes time to rise, then thine image bright
Dazzles my glad eyes, shines so brightly.
Dear art thou to me!
Thinking much, love, I sleep lightly,
I think of thee!

I think of thee in the midday glare,
Turmoil all around, anxious times and care
Everywhere abound thoughts to sever;
But could I thee see,
I would tell thee ever, ever,
I think of thee!

I think of thee in the afternoon,
Daylight passing by, night coming soon.
Slow time seems to fly—so slowly move,
Ere the day shall be
Each shall clasp each other, fond love!
I think of thee!

I think of thee when the day is past,
Ere I sink to rest, think of thee the last.
Feel myself so blest, my heart leaping,
Knowing thou lov'st me.
Tired and weary, waking, sleeping,
I think of thee!

FREEDOM!

I LOVE to have my mind all free,
Unfettered, as upon the sea
The gallant vessel rides;
My God alone my way to steer,
And guide me through my whole career;
I want nought else besides.

I care not what another thinks;
Or if at other streams he drinks,
And thinks most pure his stream:
I love to have *my* mind all free;
And all God's creatures thus *should* be;
For Freedom's not a dream.

And many ways to heaven lead:
'Tis not a frail, uncertain creed
Alone can take us there.
In every error lurks some truth;
And *our* ideas 't may be, forsooth,
Will not bear heaven's bright glare.

Then let us him who asks, receive,
Nor say, "Pray what do you believe?"
Ere we supply his need.
Free as I think let others do:
We shall be judged by Him that 's true,
Without regard to creed.

A bigot man with narrow mind!
I in my breast can pity find,
For—poor one—such as he!
But thank my God with all my heart,
Who teaches me the better part:
The mind, it should be free!

And not be bound by priestly chains;
But by the truths His word contains
  Alone through life be led.
It may be you, or I, are right:
This matters not; in His pure sight,
  The motives 'lone are read.

But mark, tho' I would thus be free,
And others so I fain would see,
  I 'd not be free to sin!
Oh! may my heart in chains be bound,
Rather than guilt should there be found,
  When God shall look within.

THE RECRUITS.

(SOMERSET.)

COME, Rawger, let 's lave awr awld plough behoind:
I yent gooing ta grawl awver zthick grawnd no mawr,
While thaws zturren zounds vloats dawn awn thes woind.
Zo, let uz be awf. "Why?" To go zawljaren, zawr.

Dub, aw dub, dub! Dawst thee yar haw 'em play?
The boay 'll liake the harzes ta ztaabel to nite.
The Brittish Granideer chaarms I away:
But jest yent thar marchen a butifull zite?

Lawr! woan 't awr auld maaster bully and zwar;
But we kasn't do betterthan zarve awr good Queen:
And heve sech vine clawthes es thes zawljars war.
Shrenk dawn! "Why?" Caws spooase awr gooing mid be zeen.

Dub, aw dub, bub! Zee how awl the gaals staar!
Hoi! plaize, maaster zargent boawld sawljars us 'd be.
'Brave boys! take the shilling: these ribbons wear:
You 'll soon make fine fellows, I plainly can see."

Hooray! Hooray! Ta the awld plough good buoy.
Come, Rawger, char uup, zthick zomthen liake vun!
When we comes baack awl thes laszes will zuoy,
And arter uz will efry gaal on em run.

"The Comels awr Comen!" hear haw em play!
It 'ull maake awl awr ploughmon liave thar omploy.
Dub, aw dub, dub! We awr marchen away:
Let uz tass uup awr caaps! I cawld danze vor joy.

JAEL.

HEBER, of the tribe of Hobab, of the
Land of Kenites, of that Jethro, priest of
Midian, whose daughters 'gainst the Egyptians
Moses once protected, so that he had
Jethro's child to be his wife, and this child
Was sister unto Hobab, whence Heber
Of the Kenites boasted his descent: he
Was not to Israel allied but by his
Marriage: also he a stranger himself
Made unto the Kenites, for from his own
Tribe Heber had drawn back, would not meddle
In fierce fights, and wars both cruel and bloody,
Chancing loss of life, cattle, and all else;
So he drew back, pitched his tent by itself,
And before it hung on high the palm branch
As an emblem he was neutral. He was
More inclined to peace than battle. He was
Ready Israel's foe or Israel's children
To receive within his tent's walls; but he
Meddled not in Israel's warring. He was
In the valley with his cattle; he was
Far away when Sisera came up to
Harass Israel and destroy him; he was
Heedless who should fail or conquer; he was

Careless of the battle's issue, so he
Rested quite indifferent. He had left
His wife at home to welcome strangers. She,
Like a war horse sniffing far the battle,
From day's dawn outside her tent's walls listened
To the shouting, and the clashing, and the
Neighing of horses; for dread Sisera,
With his many men at arms, surrounded
Her loved Israel. Her heart told her to be
Ready, for the Lord of Hosts, the Mighty
One of Israel, would work thro' her all their
Safety. Outside her white tent that glistened,
Her uplifted hand her eyes shading, she
Viewed 'cross the plain the vast hosts gathering
Swift together; at the shouting, shuddered
At the piled-up heap of corpses, rampant
Horses trampling friend and foe beneath them,
And the swift chariot wheels revolving,
With their scythe-like blades death dealing—houghing,
Slashing. Cruel the slaughter; and the vict'ry
For awhile hung in the balance, until,
As towards the day's close, when the sun was
Weary of his day's task, and was sinking,
As if tired of viewing all the evil—
All the rampant evil passions caused by
Eve's one transgression—sinking—a crimson
Blush as if of shame spread up o'er Heber's
Tent, and Jael's flushed face, and over her robes;
Flashed blood-like on the spears, the shields, and lit

As if with life the ghastly faces of
The dead and dying, who their last look had
Taken; crimsoned the conquered, who away,
Swift as the desert sand before the wind
Flies, 'fore Israel's hosts swiftly essayed to
Run. Reflected 'long the shining trumpets,
As discordant blasts of notes of victory
Came out their pouting mouths; while horrid noise
Of shoutings, as the wide-wheeled chariots
Rolled over the maimed and crushed the living
'Neath their wheels; the snorting horses trampling,
Neighing, rearing, but ever madly on
Pursuing the o'erthrown host of Sisera.
She heard, and as she heard, her heart leapt up,
For came upon the air decisive shouts
Of victory! Her dark eyes flashed, her whole
Frame with excitement trembled as she gazed,
And breathed a prayer that she a man's
Great strength might have to strike a blow for her
Own fondly, well-loved, vict'r'ous Israel;
And like a panorama 'fore her mind's
Eye spread the memory of her people's
Valour in the past: of Moses and of
Joshua. How the heathen, like chaff blown by
The fan of winnowing, before them fled.
How that God, the Almighty God, had fought
On Israel's side: "And now will He forsake
Us? Will he let Sisera get away
To raise another host to vex their souls?"

She waved her hand aloft and shouted loudly
As she viewed 'mongst foremost of the routed
Sisera's chariot madly rushing on:
Saw how the mightiest of the victors
Pressed towards that road the chariot would
Take; and swiftly she drew her breath, lest
Darkness should enmantle all ere he—
Ere Sisera—should be slain. Suddenly she
Started, for, with her thoughts engrossed, she had
Not seen, coming from the fight and slinking
By her tent, fugitives who knew too well
That all was lost. Had not noticed that one,
Blood-stained, besmeared, half halting, terrified,
Towards her straight made way, and breathlessly
Demanded instant succour, shelter from
His foes' revenge, e'en in a neutral's tent.
She started! seemed her heart stood still, for she
At once knew her enemy, Sisera,
Before her stood; then gazing swiftly back,
She saw lov'd Israel's host still rushing on
Towards the chariot that held no more
Their valued quest. Seemed then her heart with haste
Throbbed doubly swift, as well simulating
Welcome, she threw 'side the hangings of her
Tent and bade him enter, while her voice was
With emotion husky; Sisera deemed
But woman's natural fear, and trusting
To the well known shield of hospitality,
By neutrals seldom cast aside, he thought

His life at length was safe: and, waiting no
Second bidding, rushed across the tent and threw
Himself upon a couch of skins, and then
Demanded water to quench his mad'ning
Thirst. Jael gazed, and like upon the mountain
Top, the first trickling of the melted snow
A child might wipe away; but on and on
The gentle waters grow with rapidity,
Till coming thro' the gorge and down the small
River's way, it overflows, and sweeps all
Obstacles before its path; so Jael thought
Of Israel's woes, and one by one their heaped
Up wrongs at this man's hand swept o'er her soul
In bright remembrance overwhelming so,
That then she could not leave his side to draw
From out the well cool water, so gave him
Of her store of milk to drink, scarce knowing
What next 'twould be best to do, and the while,
With loud and painful throbbings beating 'gainst
Her breast her heart. With rugs of skin she him
Covered o'er, and at his bidding peeped to
See if friend or foe was then coming near,
And listened to his harsh command not to
Tell either, of his being hidden there,
The rather, go outside and lie, about
His presence; say he went another way;
For nearer shouts of triumph shook the walls,
And scarcely breathing, she obeyed his words;
But her eyes, glamoured, saw no living one

But him who on her bed of skins, her foe,
Within the tent safe rested; so she with
Haste re-entered, trembling with holy zeal
To serve her country, e'en should she in the
Too rash attempt her worthless life cast off.
Gliding unto the side of Sisera, she
Heard he slept; then looping slightly up the
Tent's door for some light, her eyes like flaming
Orbs that dimly blaze afar, hastily
She gazed around and spied upon the floor
A hammer; this she seized: then beneath it
Saw an iron tent-peg; this she grasped: and
Thinking how very swiftly they could be
Driven home, without another thought she
Placed the point on Sisera's forehead, and
E're could he lift his hand to drive a deemed
Intruder off, swiftly came the hammer
Down! straight through the skull crashing the slim
peg
Went, and deep beneath the ground its foul point
Hid, fixing dread Sisera to the earth,
As with scarce a groan he yielded up his
Life; while noisy trampling of the approach
Of those who fled, and those pursuing, woke
Jael up to thought, and flashed across her mind
The words of Deborah the prophetess,
That Barak to her wonderingly had told,
"Unto a woman shall the glory be!"

"Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet."—*Horace.*

ON THE RETURN HOME OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,

MAY 11, 1876.

WE may wander from home, and be charmed for a time,
With scenes ever new, with the pleasures of bliss;
And our footsteps may stray thro' every land, every clime,
And a chance of enjoyment we never may miss.

'Cross the ocean where shines the sun's fierce, blazing rays,
And scorches the blossom, and droops the fair flower:
Or beneath the grey sky, where our year 's but two days,
And reigneth the ice-king, supreme in his power.

Or may climb grand, high mountains, and gaze from their peaks,
O'er hills, plains, and valleys, and beautiful dells;
Where Nature, in her grandeur, to every one speaks,
And with love for her beauties full every heart swells.

But a lone moment will come, midst all these great joys—
An aching, a void, when we lie down to rest:
And we'll think of our home! the wife! girls and boys!
Then long for old England, the happy! the blest!

Ay, long for the fields and our homesteads once more,
To grasp hands again with those of our race:
And the soon-call'd-up visions of our own happy shore
Will cause smiles of real gladness to flit o'er our face.

Oh! the love of our dear ones, the love of our land,
Like magnets will attract us, wherever we roam;
And an Englishman, no matter where he may stand,
Has always a guiding star—home! his lov'd home!

A SONNET.

WHILE God's sign manual spans the azure sky,
We see the covenant seal that earth no more
By rising floods, from her foundation's store,
Shall overwhelmèd be, fade out, and die.
We joy in hope that sunshine by-and-bye
Will all its wealth of blessing on us pour.
For some wise end the falling rain descends
In over-copious showers upon the land.

It may be, we forget Who sunshine sends,
That life, and death, and crops are in His hand.
Oh! bounteous Giver of each perfect gift!
We gaze with awe upon the ceaseless rain—
The bread-seed rotting—fields one watery plain.
To Thee beseechingly our eyes we lift.

ON HER MAJESTY OPENING PARLIAMENT IN PERSON, FEBRUARY 8, 1876.

A SONNET.

LIKE sparkling sunshine on a winter's day,
When fog and mist, which long have filled the air,
Have fled afar, and Nature, bright and fair,
Makes, o'er our hearts, gladness have wondrous sway;
Or, as when gloomy winter glides away,
And summer—glorious, charming summer—brings,
With its warm sun, a thousand beauteous things,
The cold and gloom of winter to repay;
So, when thou throw'st thy sable mantle off,
And 'fore thy subjects all thy sorrows doff,
To show them that thou art their brave, good Queen,
Our gladdened hearts all overflow with mirth:
The mists are gone, and summer's on the earth—
A summer coming only when thou 'rt seen.

MY CHILDREN.

My children, at all times I love you,
Be you in or out of my sight,
And the dearest wish that I have is,
May you always be happy and bright.

Round my heart you 're clinging, like ivy
Round the old tree clings until death ;
And, children of mine, oh, I love you !
And shall until comes my last breath.

It seems not so long to the old days,
When I was just like you are now :
As blithesome, as cheerful, as hopeful,
And no lines of care on my brow.

And I would, as life's ladder you 're climbing,
Your road be as smooth as was mine ;
And children may rise up to bless you,
And round close your fond hearts entwine.

And well love I you to surround me,
To cluster about my arm-chair,
To din me with chatter and laughter,
To play with my grey-growing hair.

To storm and garrotte me, to cling to
  My back, and my arms, and my knees,
All striving, and pushing, and struggling
  The places of honour to seize.

There 's not a thought lurks in the flash of
  Your merry, clear, twinkling, bright eyes,
But what might be told unto angels,
  Or blazoned athwart the blue skies.

And my pulse throbs up and beats faster,
  As I press you close to my heart,
And hope that the years may be far off
  Ere you and I, darlings, shall part.

Don't deem me a "kill-joy" when quiet,
  You noisy and mutinous crew;
For then of your future I 'm thinking,
  Of wife, and of home, and of you.

So go on, and din with your chatter,
  And rob me as oft as you please,
And storm me, and climb o'er my arm-chair,
  And struggle to sit on my knees.

For I love you, my children, at all times,
  Be you in or out of my sight;
And the dearest wish of my heart is
  May you always be happy and bright.

"THOU ART PRECIOUS UNTO ME."

MAID, I love thee very dearly,
Very truly and sincerely;
Faint are words to give expression;
Ah, indeed! no confession
Could tell out the love I feel,
Or my heart to thee reveal.
Know, it all belongs to thee:
Thou art precious unto me!

Were Golgonda's mines of treasure
Meted to me without measure,
Tempting with their wondrous glitter,
Life would be as Marah bitter,
If I did possess them only,
Without thee! Life how lonely!
All! I 'd give them *all* for thee:
Thou art precious unto me!

Perish all that would us sever;
We belong to each; and never—
Long as our short lives shall last—
Will we part; nay, firm and fast,
Loving, trusting, cling together,
Be it fair or stormy weather;
Each shall say, "I love but thee!
Thou art precious unto me!"

THE GEM OF MOREA.

THE GEM OF MOREA.

INTERLUDE.

AT the side of the Petreans, towering high,
Stood the humble village of Moreà.
Few were the travellers who e'er passed it by,
For strangers seldom wended there their way.
The sides of the high-towering mountains were traced
With clustering foliage, and could be seen
Giant trees, cliff, saplings, lines that interlaced,
Rugged, hoary rocks, and a plateau of green.
The eagle, secure in its clefts, built her nest,
And the feet of the chamois its treach'rous slopes pressed.

The lofty, snow-covered mountain's crested peaks
Glistened prismatic in the sun's bright light,
And from off them flowed down in silvery streaks,
The e'er-gurgling water, which swiftly took flight

Into the lowest valley—yet further down,
There formed a broad river, on—on winding
By the sombre pines to the distant town;
Resistlessly its fate seeking and soon finding;
Gleesomely rushing on towards the salt sea,
There its simple self losing in immensity.

Rude and roughly built Moreà's cottages were;
Hewn logs and large stones formed the cold, bare walls.
Luxuries were few in that health-giving air.
Quite near to the village were waterfalls,
Splashing and dashing down the cliff's jutting face,
Like myriads of diamonds, dazzling the sight;
Then like boiling cauldrons, foamed at the base,
Seething drops sent scatt'ring in vast wasted might.
The cool breath of the cascades in the hottest day
Flirted coyly o'er the village in a beautiful spray.

Moreà was built 'neath the shade of a rock,
Starting out and shadowing heav'n's fair light:
A huge, giant, weather-worn, tremendous block
Of basalt—the hero of many a fight
'Twixt the warring elements, until bare
Of all softness, it gauntly the mountain men
Shaded from the rays of the mid-day sun's glare.
Softened gleams reflected came to Moreà's glen,
Till the close of day, then the village cots' peaks
Were gorgeously painted with bright crimson streaks.

Away, hidden in a gauzy cloud of mist,
In solitude, grand, awful, silent, and strange,
By the æther beyond perpetually kissed
Were the tops of the Petrean's highest range.
Many were the footpaths that sinuous uptwined
From the village o'er the rough, rugged height,
Fraught with danger; where the mountaineers went to find
The sleek, timid chamois, who out of their sight,
'Cross chasms bounded swiftly from their searching quest,
Hunters stalking where scarcely their feet could they rest.

One cot stood alone, covered o'er with a vine,
The village patrician, half hidden away
'Neath the wide-spreading branches of a silver pine,
Whose hollow trunk bore true signs of decay;
Flowers, which lower down the vale had been found,
A charming garden to the green-clad cot made,
Shedding a wealth of perfume all round,
Heedless of the mountain's frowning shade;
Here Le Fontaine hopelessly dwelt with his child,
A bloom fit for Eden in a desert rude, wild.

Many years before, in a busy, large city,
Le Fontaine had lived in the life of his wife;
No solace to his heart, friends' lavish'd pity,
When death stole away her most precious life.

Madeleine, their fair daughter, bloomed as she died:
The child's first cry prolonged her mother's last:
The babe breathed the life her mother had sighed.
To Le Fontaine it was like the sirocco's blast,
That scorches all verdure, 'fore which earth's beauty dies.
The dew of his heart failed, as slip'd from him his prize.

He was gov'nor of the province, and held rank high;
E'en aspired, in his folly, to o'erthrow the king;
But quenched was ambition, when he saw his wife die;
More so, when began the country to ring
With the news of the falling thro' of the plot
Of which Le Fontaine was known the chief;
Needs be, fed desire for a lonely lot;
Ambition was quenched by his o'erwhelming grief:
He threw off his titles, lived alone for his girl,
His seared brain in a maze and bewildering whirl.

He could not stay near where Madeleine was born,
So fled to the loneliness of Moreà's height;
For raging, terrific grief's passionate storm
Swept over him fiercely in all its might;
Cold, merciless, now his drear home surroundings,
There memory with misery never could cope;
At Moreà's village he very soon found things
Sufficiently lonely to mate with dead hope;

No one interfered with his desolate doom,
And Madeleine grew up like a beautiful bloom.

Many comforts to his child Le Fontaine tho' gave ;
For in the year once, in her maid's strictest care,
Was Madeleine left, while he plunged in the wave
Of busy life in the old city. No one there
Knew him, and he bought enough for a year ;
And like an eagle, whose nest in the rock
She deems safe, he was seldom troubled with fear
That any would come to Moreà to unlock
His treasure, altho' at times was bitter the thought
That swept thro' his brain, unbidden, unsought,

"I shall surely before my Madeleine die."
These musings raged thro' him fiercely and wild,
And caused his torn heart to heave a deep sigh,
As he deemed he was wrong in secluding his child.
Thoughts of his old home, his wife, his lost bliss ;
His happiness shipwrecked, his good genius fled ;
That Madeleine soon from life's path must him miss,
And alone must the mazy ways of earth tread :
Overpowered his mind like a nightmare dream,
And the sunlight of his soul showed not the least gleam.

MOREA.

At the close of one day, on an evening fair,
When glowing crimson was the sun setting there,
Gorgeous colours lavished everywhere.

From o'er the hill, as slowly sank Sol from sight,
Came flashes which illumined the mountain's height,
And the white mist-clouds were dazzlingly bright.

In the valley, dull, darksome, and silent was all;
The up-creeping shades dropp'd o'er like a pall,
As lower, and lower, sank the blood-red ball.

But up the mountain's slopes, in splendid bright tones,
Glowed the lees of the sunshine on Moreà's stones,
The huts' quaint gables seeming like gilded cones;

And the heavens were painted with a matchless skill,
As the orb, o'ertired, sank so peaceful and still,
And breathed a glad twilight o'er the distant hill.

Madeleine and her maid, Marie, the well-worn way,
With Le Fontaine to church walked, to worship and pray,
At this sunset hour, at the close of day.

The curé had called her his "heavenly child,"
Sent to illumine Moreà so rude and wild,
And with tales of old times her lone hours beguiled,

When on a low stool she would sit down by his chair,
And his thin, wrinkled hand smoothed her soft brown hair,
Like frosty winter wooing spring-time fair.

Placidly, happily, had her life sped along,
Like the charming cadence of a beautiful song,
Or murm'ring water running smooth and strong.

But the buds on the trees long to blossom and bloom,
As nearer and nearer the warm spring days loom,
To fulfil upon earth their destined doom :

So Madeleine knew in her loving heart dwelt
Growing longings which only lately she 'd felt,
Save when absorbed in prayer she had knelt,

And had wished to ascend to those mansions above—
To know, if there she could learn of a fond mother's love.
Then sadly she mourned, like a lonely dove.

As they walked, she pondered on the good curé's lore,
And her mind o'er the mountain's top seemed to soar.
She knew there was something she wanted more.

MADELEINE.

Fair Madeleine was called "The Mountain's Pride!"
The misty hill top's beautiful young bride!
And to the simple peasants seemèd she
A living saint, more than ought else, to be.
'Cross their dull path she flashed, like sunshine gleams
On ice, or snow, which cold no longer seems.
Like a glad sweet vision, tho' too unreal,
When heavenly glimpses o'er our senses steal,
And seraphs 'fore us stand in glory dressed,
And lovelier far one more than all the rest.
And yet the good she did was real they knew ;
They felt it on their dwellings, like to dew

Of heaven when the parched, panting glade
Drinks up the welcome moisture for it made;
Or desert traveller hugs a new-found well,
When mirage long has held o'er him its spell.
She was their light, their joy, their patron saint,
One whose fair image mortal could not paint;
For who to canvas could transfer the light
Of Heaven, which shone from her so truly bright?
All her pure ways, her actions, and her soul
Were led and guided by that vast control.
Simply and modestly was Madeleine dressed:
A snow-white kerchief covered o'er her breast,
Crossing her shoulders, leaving bare her arms,
And lightly puffing o'er her twin of charms.
A golden girdle her slim waist caressed;
In azure was her perfect figure dressed,
The colour of that bright celestial blue,
Seen when no cloud nor mist dims the far view,
Or hides the prismatic radiance of the sun.
In folds or pleats around her, one by one,
Her skirt of ample breadth near to her feet
Hung gracefully around her shapely, neat,
And well-turned ankles clothed in hose of wool,
Her own spun yarn, the threads from her own spool.
Her gold-worked chamois slippers dainty, small,
Of size celestial monarchs to enthrall,
Was tied with ribbon o'er her instep crossed,
Then turning upwards, 'neath her skirt was lost.

Hung from her girdle, on slim chains of gold,
A housewife damaskened of use untold;
A cordial and some simples here she kept.
She pitied, helped, and wept with them that wept;
And all her thoughts were how she best could give,
To heal earth's woe, and make sick labour live.
But who the beauty of her face could paint?
It seemed the breathing likeness of a saint,
Such as ambitious painter, in his dream,
Sees what should on his oft-daubed canvas gleam.
Yet, when awake, the inspiration dies,
And for some copy long in vain he sighs.
In clustering tresses hung her waving hair
Down her fair back, around her shoulders fair;
A thin gold circle held it near her head,
From which the wavy, shining threadlets spread,
Like fine spun silk on which the sun's rays gleam,
The more admired, the worthy more beseem.
Soft, glowing, glossy, was her nut-brown hair,
As if young sunbeams sported coyly there.
Her small pink ear was shaded by some lace,
Which from her cap fell down, and round her face
In witching gathers spread, as if some fay
Among their airy webbings chose to play;
Or the grand court of Mab, the fairies' queen,
Could revel on the lace of Madeleine:
Such gossamer as spiders, trained to spin,
Would from the unselfish silkworm speedy win.

Her cheeks the glow of health encircled round;
Such bloom as on the luscious peach is found,
Covered each comely, plump, and dimpled cheek;
Such health's reflect as town-folks vainly seek.
Her flesh well matched the dainty damask rose,
When to the sun she all her beauty shows.
With head bent low, to hide the sun's rude stare,
Her softened gaze shone pure in silent prayer,
Or rather praise, she scarce a want could find,
Altho' across her heart, all undefined,
A shadow hung, such as shows in the sky
When passing fair the weather; and not nigh
Storm or winds seem, as on the vessel glides
O'er placid water. No bigger than a hand,
The cloud, scarce cloud, the seamen understand,
So reef their sails, and lower the upper mast.
Her eyes a glamorous witching all round cast,
Were brown, clear, liquid; and her gaze so bright
Warmed every heart with its clear tender light,
As the sun's rays, with concentrated might,
Focused thro' lenses, daze the mightiest sight;
It seemed shone out those beauteous, glowing orbs
Such glories as the mirrored lake absorbs,
As Scotland's Lomond or her Katrine show,
When their fair bosoms with reflections glow.
Long lashes shaded their unequal light,
They swimming lustrous in the silvery white,
Like gems of value rare in pure pearl set,
Once seen, their brilliance none could e'er forget.

O'er her fair brows a thin arched line was placed,
Of contour such as " beauty's line " is traced ;
Her nose most Grecian, with a slight rebound ;
Half-open were her cherry lips oft found,
Disclosing teeth, from snow straight wooed their hue,
Which in true shape, and form, and order grew ;
Her small, plump, slightly pointed, well-formed chin,
Her neck, and bosom, and her cheeks akin
In soft complexion to the downy peach.
Words fail her beauty half to tell or teach ;
Her every movement was a wave of grace,
To charm and lighten up the dreariest place ;
Pure, quite unequalled, was fair Madeleine,
Such as in taunting visions 'lone is seen.

Evening Prayer.

The church bell tinkled on the stilly air,
As strolled the trio to the house of prayer ;
The peasants passing by, or met, bow'd low,
And Madeleine a kind word for their woe
Them freely gave—consoled their every grief,
And hasten'd to afford some real relief.
Her father listened to her well-lov'd voice ;
Its soften'd tones then made his heart rejoice,
As mother's voice to her young babe breathes peace,
A lullaby till all its pinings cease ;
Or, like the soft sweet notes of birds in spring,
When the new life of Nature doth begin,

So her voice charm'd her stricken father's heart,
Made pent-up tears of old remembrance start.
Again the past seemed with cruel freshness rife,
Seemed in his child there lived once more his wife.
And thus he sadly pondered with bent head,
Grieving for her who, like his hope, was dead.
And still tinkled away the bell, calling:
Come, come, come! and gradually were falling
The shades of evening o'er the quiet scene;
While the clear sky looked beautifully serene,
And a glowing fill'd the heavens with pride
Of wealth of colour—such a crimson tide
Swept up the hill, and on the crystal stream,
On every ripple danced each gorgeous beam,
And thro' the diamonds of the windows flowed
All round. On all the white walls richly glowed
And flashed; while on the air the suppressed noise
Of busy talkers—thoughtless girls and boys—
Soon hushed to silence, as the bell's notes ceased;
And the late comers their slow steps increased.

Near the carved pulpit was Madeleine's seat;
As began the service, her face replete
With fervour shone, seemed in another world
She saw the angels, as they swiftly unfurl'd
The glorious banner of the King of Kings.
She dream'd of the shouts with which heaven rings
As the songs of the earthy, incensed sweet,
Fall, full accepted, at our Father's feet.

Then her fine voice joined in the hymn of praise,
And it sounded like a soaring lark's lays,
Warbled alone for its Maker to hear,
Softly thrilling, yet so beautifully clear;
A vein of silver run in leaden ore,
It seemed over the mountain's top to soar;
E'en up, where could reach thro' her piercing sight,
To the King—to the very Throne of Light.
And as the sad waning light was going,
Twilight the expiring rays o'erflowing,
'Twas on Madeleine the old curé gazed,
Ere towards heaven his thin hands were raised;
And her face bore a reverent, loving look,
As he gave the last blessing out of his book:
Words breathed from the secret depths of his heart,
Of which all his poor flock had their due part;
And tho' of Madeleine 'twas true more he thought
Than of others, yet he felt so he ought;
For "God bless her" was on the calves of their lips.
Well they loved her sweet smiles: and as the bee sips
His life from fair flowers, and they no less gay,
Seemed only in Madeleine's presence lived they.

At Home?

The service o'er they sought, in the coming gloom,
Le Fontaine's house, covered half o'er with the vine,
In which the best chamber was Madeleine's room.
From the latticed window she could see uptwine

The mountain's side, the narrow path, worn near white,
And the heaped-up crags high in her sight;
And she sometimes wished to the other side
On the fair misty veil of clouds she could ride;
And sometimes would steal down her cheeks a sad tear,
Moreà seemed to be so desolate and drear;
And her heart became then unutterably sad,
She longed for the life she knew others had;
Undefinable thoughts caused her bosom to swell;
Aspirations haunted her, tho' she could not tell,
Could not express what it was that she wanted,
It seemed that a sense of thraldom her haunted.
And now as she sat in the calm moonlit air,
Her heart still softened by the curé's last prayer,
She felt she could wander away from her home,
Till whisperings of peace should forbid her to roam.
The pale moon's tender rays had illumined the gloom,
And filled with flooding radiance Madeleine's room,
And lit up the white mists of the distant glen,
That the far-off trees looked like armies of men,
Invisible foes lurking in the shadows of night.
The side of the mountain was wondrously bright,
Tho' gaunt and black where no witching rays fell,
The whole scene stood out, as if held by a spell.
The gurgling water like silver was glowing,
As on, ever on, it kept flowing and flowing;
The coy lunar beams shone bright on its breast,
And sparklingly danced on each miniature crest.

CONTEMPLATION.

Madeleine lost in a thoughtful mood,
  Gazed from her window to the mountain's top.
Heeded not the curé before her window stood,
  Heeded not that there he continued to stop:
Her beautiful eyes seemed to be piercing the air,
  Trying tales of invisible worlds to read:
Her lit-up visage shone out gloriously fair,
  Of her father and Marie's speaking took no heed.
The cascade's water seemed falling out of the skies,
  As it plashed up its wealth of frosted spray.
They looked on Madeleine with wondering surprise.
  Le Fontaine rose smiling, saying, "Surely some fay
Has witched you?" and he placed his hand on his child,
  Thus drawing her out of her beautiful dream,
While the curé enquired, as he softly smiled,
  "Madeleine's been to a far country, I deem?"
She slowly look'd round, her eyes dreamy and sad,
  Then straight throwing herself on her father's breast,
Exclaimed, "Father! it makes my heart glad
  To lean here and find such a peaceful rest.
I felt a moment as if some other life
  Had twined itself tightly alongside of mine,
And wished me to mix with the scenes of life's strife.
  Oh! could I be good, and like our lov'd curé shine!"

Le Fontaine felt a sharp pang strike into his heart,
As he listen'd to Madeleine's new-born strang speech.
"I shall never from you wish, my dear father, to part,'
She continued. "But I do so long to reach
Over the mountain top, and to pierce thro' the mist;
My young life to me seems just cover'd up so,
As that high peak: Do not weep, I'll desist
Talking nonsense: I would not vex you, you know!'
In reply, tears that save hearts from breaking fast fell
And sobs, bursting sobs from Le Fontaine forth came,
That struck on their hearts, like to a friend's dying knell;
Some agonized memory was shaking his frame;
The fountains long sealed of his heart were broke up;
Old Marie stood trembling, and looked on aghast;
The old curé rejoiced, that grief's selfish cup
Was about to be dashed to the ground at last.
"What ails you, my father?" at length Madeleine said;
"My heart's indeed breaking to see you sob so!"
Le Fontaine replied, "Well, indeed, you 've repaid
My every care, dear one; to-morrow we 'll go;
We will leave this drear spot; for no longer I
Will to my grief's selfishness wilfully bow down,
And give you, my darling, the least cause to sigh
For a more cheerful home than this mountain's dark frown."

For minutes dead silence reigned over them all;
Madeleine her head leaned on her father's breast,
As he said, "I meant never the past to recall,
But I now think that all must to-night be confessed."

Enlightenment.

"Come, nestle near to me, my own darling child;"
And Le Fontaine's voice sounded unusually mild;
"I will tell you now, darling, who really you are,
And why from all kindred I have brought you thus far."
Again there was silence, and the shadowy gloom
Seemed weird in the moon's rays that shone into the room.
Madeleine wondered what words her father would say;
And old Marie murmured, "We shall not long here stay,
Now her father's determined the past to disclose;"
While the old curé thought, "When Madeleine knows
Her rank and position, will she be the same?"
But Le Fontaine began, "I am hardly to blame
For the past. While you were happy, I thought not of rank;
But with you discontent, my life is indeed blank."
"My father! say not so. I am happy, indeed!"
"Hush, darling! to-night from the past I feel freed.
'Twas sixteen long years and a few months ago,
I date the commencing of my life's lasting woe.

I conspired with others against the king's throne ;
By treachery our—say base—plans became known ;
And altho' I was victim far more than real traitor,
Yet, because above others my rank was far greater,
The king's just anger was entirely 'gainst me,
And the other conspirators were allowed to go free.
I escaped being arrested by the aid of a friend,
And we meant far away life's journey to spend.
Just then, your mother died, and you, child, were
born.
I cared not to live ; I was wearied and worn,
Till old Marie bade me think of my child ;
So I brought you and her to this desolate wild.
And here we have lived, unsought for, unknown ;
And you, my dear child, like your mother have grown.
I will seek out the king, you shall take your right place
As for me, I am nearly out of life's race."
He kissed her, as he said, " Now I've got us far—
You are anxious, my dear daughter, to know who
you are?"
" O, then, my dear father, have you some other name?'
" Yes, darling, I have ; I am Duc d'Angoulême,
And you 're Lady Madeleine: that is something more.'
The old curé had heard this narration before,
So, kissing his good child, he made for the door.
But Le Fontaine said, " Stop ! Madeleine will sing ;
The sound of her voice will tranquillity bring."
So obediently her fingers o'er her cithern swept,
The while waking memories that had long since slept

Sadly the notes sounded the chamber thro',
As the breeze of the evening in the window blew;
Till Madeleine's sweet voice, which faltered at first,
Rang clear, refreshing, like cool water to the athirst.

The Song of Home.

Of all the vast pleasures that earth can bestow,
There is none that can equal the home we love well:
There is no word on earth to compare, that we know,
To this thrilling one, breathing an exquisite spell,
Home! home! where all we love dwell.

If one thought can cause tears of longing to start,
When far, far away from our loved ones we stray,
'Tis of home! That word's graved on the sad exile's heart;
'Tis his dream all the night, and his hope all the day:
Oh, home! home! for thee will we pray.

If all earth's fair treasures before us were brought,
To tempt us from loved ones, to tempt us from thee,
By all their grand glittering we could not be caught;
On the earth can no place so well loved as home be,
Home! home! indeed, we love thee.

VIBRATED CHORDS.

A death-like silence o'er the company crept,
As Madeleine finished her plaintive song;
It had stirred up lost memories that had kept,
Dormant had been, out of sight very long.
Le Fontaine pondered o'er his wrecked, desolate lot,
Of the home that was his once, and the love
That he had for his wife: and now she was not!
It caused the vast deeps of his heart to move.
Marie a glimpse caught, thro' a long, long vista,
Of her childhood's days; but it seemed like a dream,
The thoughts of her fond, dear prattling sister,
Of her mother, her home, like a far-off gleam
Of a will-o'-the wisp, that could not be real:
The forgotten past rose her present to steal.
So strange: like as if some rugged old tree,
Looking back to its youth, so long gone by,
Saw itself a sapling, graceful and free,
Waving o'er a streamlet e'en now dry—
As if the burnt prairie, scorch'd and black,
Pondering o'er the verdure of the once green wood,
Remembered the dead mass once life did not lack,
And mourned for the trees that once living there stood.
The curé thought of his lost brother, the pet,
Who had wandered from the home of his childhood
away,
Who for many years he never had met,
Not since he'd been lost in the wood, when astray;

Thought of his home, for ever broken and gone,
Of his parents' grave 'neath the wide-spreading yew;
That his friend would soon from earth be withdrawn;
And so he mused, "Then—then, what shall I do?"
Madeleine's face, all aglow in the silvery light,
Wondered what the meaning of "home" could be.
Would her father's late words set this matter right,
And fill up in her heart its sad vacancy?
He said, "I must still be Le Fontaine, my child:
As soon as may be, we will leave this drear spot;"
And taking her hand, he so lovingly smiled,
"'Tis cruel thus to tie you to such a drear lot."
The moon now so high in the heavens them led
To think of the time: "I'll no longer tarry,"
Said the curé. "Quite enough has been said;
Quite as much as dear Madeleine can carry
To the quiet of her chamber, and ponder o'er."
So from him a loving "God bless you" went round;
The words still ling'ring, as he went out the door.
Soon after in the fetters of sleep they were bound.

The Dream.

Madeleine had a wondrous vision, a startling dream
that night;
She thought, while sitting in a room, she saw the
crimson light

Of bright and ruddy flames of fire about some huge
logs whirl;
But, strangest thing of all to her, she seemed a little girl:
The gaping fire-place, lined with tiles, shone a welcome
to her heart.
The ingle seat invitingly seemed up towards her start.
She sat and watched the blazing logs of burning wood
fast fall,
The scorching branchlets crackle up, and sparkle on
the wall;
While fitful flashes gruesome shadows threw the room
around,
The ceiling lit, in fierceness spit, then made a joyful
bound
Into the darkness, up the huge, large chimney gleefully
dancing,
Sparkling and glowing round about, like unbroke
horses prancing;
With warm embrace, entwining round the sticks of
unburnt wood,
While Madeleine, with wondrous gaze, deemed the
warm fire so good.
The hangings and the furniture shone in the fire-light's
glare;
And Madeleine dreamed her childish heart was free
from every care,
As joyously soon she danced about upon the soft wool
rug,
[redacted] clapped her hands for very glee, her new home
[redacted]*med so* snug:

The thought that she had crept away in silence from the others,
And now far off could plainly hear the shoutings of her brothers.
She laughed aloud, she thought she knew they would not seek her there.
They had not seen her leave their side, and creep down stair by stair.
Then came a smiling Phillis in; a shining lamp she brought,
And seeing Madeleine there, she her up in her plump arms caught;
And as she kissed her o'er and o'er, she, feigning anger, said,
"Just wait, miss, till the tea-cloth on the table I've o'erspread;
To creep in here like this, you puss: they have sought you high and low.
Your dear mamma is coming down; *she'll* soon your reasons know.
Nancy declares that all her cares are, what's become of you."
And Madeleine, laughing loudly, said, "Don't tell, whate'er you do."
And out of her soft brown eyes there shone a wondrous gladsome light.
Suddenly she heard her seekers' shouts, and tried to hide from sight;

But with riotous noise the door burst wide, and into the room came trooping
Madeleine's brothers, who her espied, and straightway loudly whooping,
Seized hold their prize, and hugged her tight; "We've got you now, dear sister!"
"Hush! children; hush!" 'T was their mamma; and lovingly they kissed her.
Tho' she but dreamed, yet still it seemed she had never had another,
And naturally she hugged her tight, and called her "darling mother."
And when she spoke the simple words, "Come, darlings, sit to tea,"
Madeleine's heart up bound. As she looked around, it seemed to her to be
A very paradise indeed; for her father, too, was there,
With his face grown young, his smile grown bright, his brow free from all care;
And love shone out from every eye, and gladness brightly beaming;
Fond happiness lit every face, with it their hearts were teeming.
Strange tho' their faces were just like some she knew in Moreà;
Her mother—Marie, and, at times, were like the good old curé.

But "O," she thought, "I love them well, of me they are so fond;
Love binds true hearts far tighter—ay, than any other bond.
How easily one single stick a childish hand could break;
But when in bundles tightly bound, a giant's strength 't would take."
Madeleine strangely dreamed her dreary home had only been a dream;
And now her life was true and real, gay pleasure shot its gleam
From out her eyes as closely she unto her mother pressed,
And then with loving tenderness her father's form caressed,
She breathed that name, that sacred name, "Mother —O, *my* mother!
I 'll tell my dream of Moreà. Is the curé *my* own brother?"
As thus she spoke, she heard her name: some one was Madeleine calling.
She felt as Mulciber must have, when from heaven's fortress falling;
Her new-found home, and Moreà drear, their scenes began to confuse,
Such like as when the changes come to fair "dissolving views."

She clung in dread unto her dream, as dying men
to life:
Her happiness seemed going fast, her heart was stirred
with strife.
While "Madeleine! Madeleine!" sounded loud, like
her own soul's "dying bell."
Tho' still asleep, and dreaming still, she knew the voice
full well.
"Come, Madeleine!" she, starting, woke: "Come,
Madeleine, dear, arise.
The sun is up, and painting bright the glorious eastern
skies.
Fair 's been thy dream, if I have read thy beaming face
aright.
I only hope you 'll ne'er regret the words you heard
last night."
But Madeleine's face was like spring's sky, when
suddenly o'er cast,
The beauty gone, the sunshine sped, 'fore a keen,
cutting blast.

Who Comes?

With fervency Madeleine her father embraced,
When soon they met at their first simple meal;
He traces of suffering on his daughter's face traced;
For she in her eyes her heart's thoughts would reveal.
He clasped her hand tenderly, as she sat by his side,
And said "Linè, darling, you 'll be a king's bride."

"I a dream had last night," and he laughingly spoke:
"And much I believe my dream will come true:"
Old Marie looked serious: "You should not, sir, joke;
Methinks that dear Madeleine has a dream to tell you."
"Come, darling," said her father: "For us both thus to dream
Is an omen for good, we ought justly to deem."

As thus they were talking, Le Fontaine, in surprise,
Looked out of the window, as if scanning the skies,
Saying, "See, yonder a cloud of dust flies."

In a few moments more, they quite plainly could see
Many horsemen, Le Fontaine knew soldiers must be,
Advancing towards them very quickly.

Then he looked at his child, his face full of alarm,
And wondered, what rough soldiers to Moreà could charm,
Or if their mission meant peace or meant harm.

"It may be," he thought, "they are coming for me;
And yet, after these years, this scarcely can be.
If no one pursues, 't is a folly to flee."

And both father and child very eagerly stood,
Watching the horsemen thro' the valley, thro' the wood,
And praying, "God grant their coming means good!"

Then in walked the curé, he, all of a flurry,
Saying hastily, "Friend, do you notice the hurry
Those soldiers are making my people to worry?

Great danger seems brooding, I cannot deny it;
Bid your daughter go up to her room, and keep quiet,
Before all Moreà is up in a riot.

If it is you that they come for, what—what shall we do?
But that that is their mission, I think can't be true;
I fear that their coming we *all* shall rue.

Their visit the last time, 'twas years many ago;
But we remember it well, as they left lasting woe;
So we have reason enough to, I know.

To find money, they ripped e'en our beds asunder;
They took 'but taxes,' they said. We called it 'plunder.'
But what means their coming now, I wonder?

They will rob us, I know, of nearly everything;
And tho' small now our comforts, they 'll soon all take wing,
And this in the name of 'My Lord the King.'"

Madeleine went, at a look from her father,
Up to her chamber, and bolted her door.
Marie soon followed: from what she could gather,
She felt some keen woe was for them in store.

And there they sat, watching the mountain's steep
height,
Gazing into vast, illîmitable space;
Feeling that already they were almost in sight
Of the danger which Le Fontaine and the curé must
face.
Waited like birds peeping from 'neath sheltering covers,
As the hawk, poising his wings, o'er their devoted heads
hovers.

Le Fontaine scarce knew whether to be fully armed,
Or to meet the new comers with an unconcerned look.
Not to betray himself, he would feign he was alarmed;
And yet, quietly he felt he never could brook
Any insulting expressions or looks from these men,
Who were thus breaking in on his loved solitude.
So he could not quite make his mind up just then
What he should do, were they braggart and rude.
The noise, just then, of their approaching came near;
And the poor old curé quite trembled with fear.

Unwelcome Visitors.

Clatter, clatter, rattle, up Moreà's rocky street,
Came the soldiers, their horses all panting and
blowing,
Foam-covered with their swift ride and the heat.
The large leafy vine o'er Le Fontaine's home
growing

At once attracted the attention of Captain Jerome;
So, dismounting, and off throwing the reigns of his charger,
Exclaimed, "This is the house I shall make my home;
For I see near no place better or larger."

So, without further ceremony, Le Fontaine's abode
Captain Jerome entered, and was taken aback
At Le Fontaine, as he said, "This is a very queer mode
Of entering my house: you've certainly no lack
Of impudence, that is certain, to do such a thing."
"'S death!" quoth the captain. "I know what I do."
And storming, shouted loudly, "In the name of the king!
Perhaps that is not enough authority for you!
I have slit off the ears of many better men
Than you are, and that, too, for not half so much said;
So once more be pleased those remarks to repeat, then.
I will soon see on what sort of food you 've been fed."

Then, swift as a flash of dazzling forked lightning,
Leaped out the captain's sword from its scabbard,
As he frowningly said, "I see you want frightening;"
And he made furious lunges ere he returned to the guard.

But Le Fontaine, who saw that his rank was unknown,
That he had nothing to fear from the wrath of the king,
Felt inclined to answer in a defiant tone;
Yet thought perhaps silence the most prudent thing.
But the curé could see, on the face of his friend,
Dark passion like a mask creeping over his face.
And fearingly wondered how the matter would end;
But this ominous darkening failed the soldier to trace.

But Le Fontaine glanced only towards the doorway,
Where the stairs led up into his daughter's chamber!
His love for her his angry words caused to stay
Unspoken, as he thought of her imminent danger.
The old curé, reading Le Fontaine's thoughts right,
Mildly bade the fierce captain to be seated awhile,
And to more calm be: "There's no one here wants to fight,"
Said he, the while trembling, with a faint, sickly smile.
Then Captain Jerome his weapon sheathed, with an oath,
And threw himself down on the nearest stool;
And keenly then scanning his companions both,
Said, "I 'm not, if you think me, a soft puling fool!

I have to collect straight from Moreà's village
A thousand crowns for the duke, my master.
If it comes soon, well; if not, why then pillage
Must make up the sum, and perhaps faster

Than I can collect it. Come now, what say you?
The duke heaps of money has lent the king;
And so the king, God bless him, allows him to
Collect his demands—such a simple thing—
From his people! Your share is not very large;
So be pleased the rich and poor to me name,
So that I may get at each how much to charge;
And if you 're not satisfied, don't me blame."

Le Fontaine said, sternly, "We'll not this evade;
Tho' black and unjust the affair is, indeed;
But I suppose the money will have to be paid.
If I give you the sum, shall we be freed
From you and your men? Is it agreed?"
"Oh yes," the reply. "This is a golden mine!
My master will know where to send in his need,
Seeing how readily you pay the fine."

Le Fontaine then took from out an old carved box
A note of great value, stained, crumpled, and brown.
"Present that to the changers, tell your old fox,"
Said he; "and they 'll soon pay the claimed money down."

Jerome scanned the document keenly o'er and o'er;
And then, smiling, being certain that all was quite right,
Put it into his deep pocket, murm'ring, "This is a rare store;"
And it disappeared out of their sight.

Then, making a note in a quaint, queer old book,
He was about to start off on his way,
When the curé arose, and excited his look
As he said, "Let me see that! Oh! stay, stay!"

There was something in the voice of the curé that
Arrested Captain Jerome's going; so he sat
Down again, and staring at the poor old man,
Said, "Sir, I am going, as soon as I can,
To try and unravel this mystery.
What you should want with my book, I can't see."

Le Fontaine stared also. "Has the curé gone mad?"
Were the thoughts concerning his friend that he had.
"How strange he looks! There must be something behind,
Unless the poor man has gone out of his mind."

Recognition.

"From whence got you that book? Oh, tell me about,"
Said the curé, all the while his hand stretch'd out—
"About that book! On the first leaf cast your eye,
There find, 'Philip Jerome,' and that is I.
Perhaps it is written inside the cover."
"What!" shouted Captain Jerome, "you my brother?
My brother Philip? Sure, that cannot be;
If you are, look on your lost brother Louis!"
And, looking at each other, up they stood.
"If you be my brother who was lost in the wood,"

Said the curé, trembling all o'er as he spoke,
His utterance gasping, as if he would choke,
His eyes with excitement the while outswol'n,
"If you be my brother Louis, who was stol'n;
Then—then, turn up the sleeve of your coat.
A wound! made when you fell into the moat—
On your arm must be lasting marks of the scar;
For you nearly cut that limb off with a bar."
"And you jump'd in after me, Philip; 'tis well:
I *am* Louis, and by that mark you can tell.
I remember;" so he pulled up his sleeve,
And said, "You 're my own brother Philip, I believe."
Then they rushed into each other's arms gladly:
All the remembrance of their old home so sadly
Came flooding over them, and Oh! it did make
Them laugh and sob, as if their hearts would break.
Smiles of joy and tears mingled together,
Like sunshine and showers in spring-time weather,
Till the Captain ashamed of his feelings felt;
But the good old curé straightway there knelt,
And murmured aloud, "Thou Most High, who hast seen
Our every way, very merciful Thou hast been!
Help me my present happiness to bear!"
And all said, "Amen" to his fervent prayer.
But Captain Jerome said, "'Tis a lucky day;
I thank my fortune which brought me this way."

Then the curé stood, clasping his brother's hand,
While saying, "For a time, my poor cottage share."
"Yes," the reply, "I 'll first speak to my band;"
For his rough soldiers still outside the door were.

Then he said to them, "Seek a lodging, and rest
Quietly; and mind, if one of you dare
Any of these peaceful people molest,
I 'll have the offender swung in the air."

Le Fontaine at this welcom'd the curé's found brother,
And asked him to stay there; also the curé;
As they would not, probably, find another
More comfortable place in the whole of Moreà.

But now very uneasy was Captain Jerome,
And began to stammer excuses, thus saying,
"I have my duty to do: when I get home,
The Duke won't let me off without paying.

"He looks for your share of the much-wanted gold,
Or else——" But Le Fontaine said, "Nay, never mind;
We 'll look on you but as a brave soldier bold,
And forget what has been your mission behind."

And so they made friends, and called Madeleine
To come down, and them serve at the table;
But when Captain Jerome had her beauty seen,
His attention he was scarcely able

To draw off her. He thought her more beautiful
Than all the Madonnas he had ever
Seen painted. And she was withal so dutiful,
So unsophisticated and clever,
That he felt Morea, tho' dreary and wild,
Must be the garden of Paradise bright,
To possess such a lovely, beautiful child,
As, like a meteor, now flash'd on his sight.

And they listen'd to his tale of a cruel war;
And he show'd his scars, and said, "See, these are
Lasting remembrances." Then he fought again
"The infidel Turk." Told how he had slain
Their leader—a great and redoubted chief!
How he pierced him, then ran to the relief
Of the Duke; how the true church's revilers,
The cruel white-turbaned infidel defilers,
Fled away, like scared sheep flee off the mountains;
How their corpses choked up the marble fountains,
And streams of blood, instead of water, ran o'er,
So that the whole ground was slippery with gore.
"And we mowed them down, like ripened grain,
Before the sickle falls! Again and again,
With a mighty shout, we swept them away!
They swarm'd like locusts; but we did not stay
To count their number, but we hewed them down.
Our losses were fearful; but we took their town.
On the battle field, I a captain was made;
As I knelt, I was touched by the Duke's sword blade.

'If all my bold men were as brave as you,'
Said he, 'I 'd take my troops the whole world thro'.'
How I remember! You may truly say,
That was indeed a bright, glorious day."

Madeleine whisper'd, horrified, "Glorious day!"
And her bright eyes expanded, wide staring;
And old Marie shrank back out of the way,
Scared, thinking of his wonderful daring.
And Madeleine view'd him, like some of those
Heroes, of whom she had so often read;
And King Arthur, she did even suppose,
He might match, had he not been so long dead.

But when the captain told how he had been lost;
How over all the wide world he'd been toss'd,
And had been sold as a slave to a cruel master;
The tears fell down her cheeks faster and faster,
The angel Mercy breathing on her his grace;
As tears, born of Pity, coursed o'er her fair face,
From the very depths of her heart upwelling,
Flowing o'er; and the Captain stopt telling
His story, to admire the fair Madeleine;
For her peer in this world he never had seen.
Told, he returned to find Father and Mother,
Were dead! No one knew where Philip his brother
Could, after so many years, then be.
How, sleeping fast under the old yew tree,
Lay all on earth he ever had lov'd.
For awhile he spoke not. They were all mov'd:

Memory had touch'd a harsh, jarring note,
Which on more than one heart painfully smote.
Then he told how he 'd gone, where he 'd been lost, to
the wood,
And found that the old oak tree still there stood,
In whose hollow the book he had hidden
In his youth, just as he was bidden
To follow his kidnappers. "And now this book——"
And the brothers glanc'd such a glad, fond look
Of love and affection towards each other—
"This book 's the cause of my finding my brother."

Then, suddenly, up stood the curé, and said,
"This my dear brother, who was lost, is found.
Oh! shall I now ever more be led
To think God 's forsaken me?" Then looking round,
On Madeleine's animated face gazing,
Glist'ning like a rose covered with dew,
His heart overflowed, and a vast, amazing
Sense of great happiness came in his view.
Le Fontaine exclaimed, "This will we do,
We 'll gather the villagers unto a feast:
Come, Captain and curé, what do you say?"
Then Captain Jerome exclaimed, "Why, the least
That I can do is, to offer to pay——"
"No, no!" replied Le Fontaine, "That I will do;"
While Philip the curé was all beaming,
Brimming over with joy, saying, "It is too true,
I am poor: it is no use otherwise seeming."

And the hardy mountain men astonish'd were
At the unusual sound of the tinkle
Of the church bell in the work-a-day air.
The sounds made the good old curé's eyes twinkle,
Like sunbeams on ripples of water dancing;
And the peasants flock'd home, to find out
The meaning of the ringing, and the prancing
And neighing horses—what it was about.
And when they heard from their pastor the news:
How like the beautiful parable, told
By their Saviour, more to teach than amuse,
Of "The Prodigal," so this warrior bold
Was his so long lost brother come back again;
Then the peasants gave such a mighty shout
At these words—for the love was no show vain
That they had for their curé—that flew out
From the clefts of the mountain's highest peak
The eagles, to join in the glad chorus;
And the echoes, up floating, again seemed to speak,
And the air the glad tidings discuss.

Such food as the village at once could produce
Was spread soon on nature's carpet of green;
And the small purple grape of the mountain's juice
Made all their faces look bright and serene.

Madeleine queen was crowned of the revel;
And they almost worshipped their curé;
Loved the fair maiden fondly and well,
Did these hardy mountaineers of Moreà.

Marie much enjoyed herself, flitting about,
And the mountains the laughter re-echoed;
When a tall, bearded soldier took Marie out,
And danced and whirl'd with her all down the road.

Marie's day of dancing had long since been o'er,
So she panted, and struggled, and puffed;
And with laughter made the whole company roar,
To see how she her tall partner rebuffed.

The Minstrel.

And now, in the height of their joyous glee,
Another visitor hastens to see,
And join in the sports, whatever they be.

Some of them rise and go forth him to meet,
As he hastily walks up Moreà's street:
They very heartily the stranger greet.

Captain Jerome gave him a searching glance,
As sharp as the pointed end of a lance,
And then inwardly swore, "Curse his romance!

"I 'd quite forgotten he was coming here;
Like a hunter stalks the innocent deer,
Will he mark her down, I very much fear.

"I must keep my eyes, then, quite wide awake,
And notice of every trifling thing take.
There is little I wouldn't do for her sake.

"But I must be quiet 'fore this minstrel bold;
A soldier's first duty 's to do as he is told,
E'en tho' a wolf should creep into the fold.

"Violence he does not mean, I dare say:
He 'll scarce attempt that in the light of day—
A curse on the hour that brought him this way!"

Not one of them knew who the minstrel was,
Or why he should come there could tell the cause.
They never dreamed of attraction's laws.

If the Captain knew, he held his peace.
The stranger's advent caused the sports to cease;
And they gather'd round, like a flock of geese.

The minstrel was "handsome," they all confessed,
And fit to rescue a damsel distressed;
And this is the way he was strangely dressed:

His hat it was slouched, and sweeping the feather,
  Slashed the sleeves of his tunic, once green
Was its colour; but the stains of foul weather
  On every part of his dress could be seen.

Encased were his legs in white silken hose,
  The hips puff'd out big, and slashed here and there;
While his shoes with long toes his feet did enclose,
  And his ungloved hands were daintily fair.

A cloak o'er his shoulder loosely was flung;
  It seemed flying off in the mountain's breeze;
And beneath his left arm a guitar there hung
  Ready to hand when the wearer should please.

As his body he bent, beneath his hat there
Escaped a profusion of curls, nut brown;
They clustering around his forehead so fair,
And over his shoulders falling all down.

Burnt brown with the sun were his cheeks, and his eyes
Flashed as if fires burnt within each large orb,
As if their bright blue had been filched from the skies,
And their depths would the heart of a maiden absorb.

Towards Madeleine strode he, bowing down low;
She seemed quite entranced, and as if spellbound.
Of his great admiration he made so much show,
That she felt like timid birds feel, when around
Their perching-place glides the sleek, glistening snake,
To fascinate them with his awful stare;
Till, unable to fly, they tremble and shake,
And flutter down, victims to the reptile's cruel snare.

So the minstrel's gaze was on Madeleine fixed;
She trembled all over; keen was her fear!
For it seemed her heart by his gaze was transfixed.
She shuddered, as, speaking, he drew to her near!

"Fair lady, over many lands I have been,
And of all God's fair creatures you are the queen;
I have wandered the wide world o'er and o'er,
And I'm sure I never saw your equal before."

She blush'd, as the dawn blushes o'er the glad sky:
His words the spell of his gaze seemed to sever;
She was much too innocent to feel shy,
And whispered to Marie, "Is n't he clever?"

Her father frowned at such open admiration:
He felt a sense of danger in the air,
Such as the watchman at the lighthouse station
Feels, when apparently all is smooth and fair.
So he said, "Minstrel, I pray you, give us a song,
Something lively, to make us further rejoice;
We are not particular, be it short or long;
And your speech betokens a splendid voice."

Then the minstrel replied, "I 'll see what I can do,"
And to Madeleine bowed. It was like a shock
Of electricity that thrilled her frame through.
His glance had the power her heart to unlock.

Then he smiled, as swiftly twang, twang, smote the air;
The villagers flocked round as the notes died away;
The soldiers laughed scornfully at their wondering stare;
There was no tune—new unto them—he could play.

Soon they gathered, and formed round the minstrel a ring,
And he bade them quietly to his song list.
With a most charming voice, then began he to sing,
His eyes, the while, gazing to the mountain's mist;

And from the gauzy shield seeming to draw
  Inspiration, e'en words, from the white spirit-cloud;
As if, towering above the mount's top, he there saw
  That which could not be to mere mortals allowed.

Then on Madeleine was so passionately strong
His ardent gaze fixed, as he sung this song :—

THE SONG OF FAIR LANDS.

Oh ! fair, fair is that land
  Where night 's lit with fire-flies ;
'Tis the light by which Clotho
  Love's destiny weaves.
O'er the myrtle these spirits
  Of lovers' dead sighs
Cling, like sprinkled flame-drops,
  And illumine the leaves.

There the sun will not set,
  Till the gay bulbul sings;
As, coyly blushing, comes forth
  The beautiful rose,
Whose perfume voluptuous
  She all around flings,
Till young, peeping daylight
  Bids them fly to repose.

Where sad to his mate coos
  The fond, true-loving dove ;
And the torch of Hymenæus
  Lights lovers to bliss ;

While zephyrs fan softly
The first spark of love;
And the fire of Prometheus
Is inhaled in a kiss.

Oh! fair, fair is that land
Where the orange trees bear
Their bright, sweet-scented flowers,
O'erladen with love;
Whose fragrance embraces
The seducing air,
Till warm dews of passion
Are distilled from above.

Insidious creeping
Fills full every warm breast,
Till sighs odoriferous,
Love's breathings reply;
While round life joys ecstatic
Their fulness invest;
And hearts, juvenescent,
All Time's warnings defy.

Then come to these lands, love;
For young Philomel sings,
And the trill, trill of each note
Is warbled for thee:
While Cupid waits, fluttering
And pluming his wings,
Venus holds out her arms
In soft expectancy.

There gay aracangas
And blue lorikeets swarm,
Ever breathing the love
They constantly feel,
And fan the warm air with their
Gay songs—like a charm,
Working passionate longings,
Which their bright eyes reveal.

Oh! come, then, with me, love:
Leave behind this drear clime;
For the warm glow of love dies
Where the north wind blows bleak.
Where the citrus trees blossom,
Love lives for all time.
Breathe "Yes," from soul's window,
If you 've no words to speak.

As he finished his song, the melodious sound
Lingered in the air, like the fragrant perfume
Of choice flowers lingers, and gathers around
Long since dead blossoms, void of life or its bloom.

And Madeleine's love-struck heart answered him soon,
Answered him out of her eyes a dazzling glance,
Yet softly; as beams fall from a bright, full moon,
Her gaze on him fell; and it made his heart dance.

And over her eyes came a soft, dreamy light,
A depth unfathomable, lit with true love,
Flashing up one moment so brilliantly bright,
Then full of fond tenderness, as those of a dove.

She had answered the minstrel. He read her soul:
Like magnet and steel, their hearts fitted quite close;
And scarce could he all of his vast joy control,
Nor of his new bliss know well how to dispose.

Le Fontaine had not Madeleine's gaze beheld;
And had looked upon the minstrel's trifling lay
As rubbish, which to sing he 'd felt compelled:
A flashing trifle, to pass the time away.
But yet crept o'er him a curious kind of spell:
And all the company soon began to think,
That to be rid of the minstrel, would be well.
They stood awe-struck; just as if on the brink
Of a vast precipice, which beneath their feet
Might soon 'way slip, and so destroy them all;
Or danger neared them, which they feared to meet:
The minstrel seemed so strangely them to enthrall.

Then said Captain Jerome, "Singing 's but a poor trade.
Who the jingles of this spark can e'er understand,
If this be poetry?—but, p'rhaps, now only just made!
Well! we 've surely some better amusements at hand."

THE ABDUCTION.

As he spoke, he glanced at the minstrel, to see
If his words had made impression on him;
But the minstrel laughed loudly, with boisterous glee:
He seemed of rich merriment full to the brim.
Captain Jerome wondered what his meaning could be,
And murmured, "Strange doings we shortly shall see."

Said the minstrel, "My songs seem not of your sort.
Perhaps you would like to see how I can ride?
I cannot say riding is exactly my forte,
Altho' I know well how a horse to bestride.
Come, Captain Jerome, have you a steed I can try?
Then I'll show you some wonderful work by and by."

The captain's war-horse was strong, clever, and fleet.
Jerome, not dreaming of abetting a crime,
Said, as the minstrel was mounting, "Mind your seat:
'T is far easier falling than it is to climb.
He 's as swift as the wind, and will only bear me;
So he'll throw you, for certain, before you count three."

And the minstrel but laughed, as he galloped away;
Then swiftly returned. Soon the steed his mount knew.
The captain and others looked on in dismay:
They had no idea what the minstrel could do.
Off on and he got, tho' at the swiftest speed;
And loud shouts of applause rang at each daring deed.

Then he murmured, "Shortly this shouting you'll rue."
And loudly laughed, as his horse once more he walk'd round.
"You may doubt me; but, for certain, you 'll find it quite true."
And, galloping fiercely, he looked down on the ground.
"What a rash man he is!" said the old curé. "Oh, dear!
He 'll come to great harm, I most certainly fear."

The minstrel, at speed, soon passed Madeleine's chair:
Then, bowing down low, he caught her up in his arms:
Then shouted out loudly, "To do this, I dare!"
And, ere had they time to express their alarms,
The minstrel, with his prize and the captain's war-horse,
Was madly galloping away o'er heath and gorse.

"Up, up, my men! saddle!—mount, mount, and away!"
Said Captain Jerome. "He has stolen that maid!
You never will catch him, if staring you stay.
He knows what a swift horse mine is, I 'm afraid."
The curé, old Marie, and the peasants were aghast,
As they watched the cruel minstrel disappearing fast.

THE FLIGHT.

Madeleine, when tight in the minstrel's arms,
Had, in her heart, no childish alarms.
So suddenly had he snatched her away
From her father's side, in the light of day,
That some time lapsed ere she opened her eyes;
When so doing she saw, to her great surprise,
They swiftly were leaving her home behind,
The why—or the wherefore, not entering her mind.
Indeed, of the future she had not a care,
As joyously breathing the swiftly-cleaved air,
And tightly clinging to the minstrel's broad breast,
As if, at last, there her heart had found rest;
He murmuring, as o'er her head he inclined,
"Trust me, in one our hearts Cupid shall bind,

If already he has not in soul made us one,
And Hymen shall bid your least fears begone."
She drank in his words, ne'er heeding their end,
Felt that a lifetime like that she could spend,
Felt that a glowing warmed thro' her whole
frame:
Love was enkindling her heart to a flame.
She felt tightly round her the minstrel's strong arm;
Yet no thoughts of evil caused her alarm,
Or startled the breast of the beauteous maid.
She was not of the minstrel at all afraid.
Her mind was lulled to a perfect repose:
No thoughts of the past or future arose.
As tightly she clung to the minstrel's breast,
Her only thoughts were, that now she had rest.
His clasp she felt was the meaning of bliss,
Tho' e'en on her brow he imprinted no kiss;
But viewed her sacred in his loving sight,
As tho' she were there an angel of light.
No thoughts on home for one moment she spent:
No cloud a cold shade to the fair prospect lent:
Love held o'er her heart an absolute sway,
And she was willing its rule to obey;
As fascinate beasts of prey, with their glare,
Their victims, ere they them mangle and tear;
And no sense of woe the poor wretches feel,
But death o'er their sense seems gently to steal,
Till they mis'rably perish without a pain;
So Madeleine was as e'er and again

She felt the throbbings of the minstrel's heart.
That caused no instincts of danger to start.
It was exquisite bliss, in a lurking curse,
A cockatrice in her fair bosom to nurse.
As Eve by one act from Paradise fell:
One step is the diff'rence 'twixt heaven and hell.

The Halt.

Presently they came to a ruin,
Many mile from Moreà away.
"My steed has managed to win
The swift race we have taken to-day,"
Were the minstrel's words. "We rest need;
And beneath these quaint old walls,
The good horse shall, if he likes, feed,
Ere the gloom of night o'er us falls."
The horse he made fast to a tree,
Then came unto Madeleine's side,
Saying, softly, "Fair, pardon me
Bringing you this very long ride."
Then Madeleine gazed on the face
Of the minstrel, as she thus said,
"I have much enjoyed the swift pace
At which this fine horse has sped.
What have I to pardon, I pray?
Truly, I have enjoyed the ride
You have kindly brought me this day;"
And Madeleine inwardly sighed,

"Father will be glad, when I tell
How happy to-day I have been;
For he and the curé know well
Little's the pleasure I have seen."
Then came on her fair face a smile
So sad, that the minstrel control
Of his feelings scarce had for awhile.
He felt, he could peril his soul,
But what this fair maid he would wed;
And further, towards her prove true.
He held down his head, as she said,
"What next are we going to do?
It seems, we have come a long way;
And soon we must surely go back;
For our good old curé will say,
'Of pleasure there's to-day no lack.'"

But the minstrel, at first, said never a word;
But, rising, he clasped her quite close to his breast:
With passion exclaimed, "My fond dove, my bird,
'T is here, here alone, that thy sad heart can rest.
We will never part more. Oh! more unto me
Art thou than my hopes of Heaven's eternity."

"Oh, that will be good!" and she heaved a deep sigh;
"And for aye will you come and live at Moreà?
And then to each other we shall be so nigh,
My father, myself, and our good old curé.

Then sad, dull Moreà will be gladsome, indeed;
For I shall have all that on earth I shall need."

"Oh! listen awhile, my own fond, darling child,"
Were the minstrel's words: "Pray, hear what I shall say!"
Madeleine answered him not, but placidly smiled,
While a love-light danced in her eyes a bright ray.
"'Tis long since I saw thee first, dear Madeleine;
But e'er since thou alone hast been my heart's queen.

CONFESSION.

Some time ago, when I was a bold, daring boy,
I visited Moreà, to hunt the chamois.
One day hurrying after my wary prey,
Ne'er heeding how treach'rous the rocky slope's way,
I fell, and was stunned: my head hit on a rock.
'T was some time before I came round from the shock.
A peasant directed my steps to a brook;
And ghastly and pale, I saw there was my look.
I bathed my face oft in the cooling stream,
And wondered if all my mishap were a dream.
But the peasant, who saw I was really ill,
Led me then to his home with a kind good-will;
And he put me to bed, with the greatest care.
'Twixt life and death hov'ring, for weeks I lay there.
An angel was near me when, waking one day,
I pretended sleep, least 't should vanish away.
She left some simples for my body's relief;
And left—'t was the first time I ever felt grief;

Left a wound in my heart that has not healed yet;
And I think, that again that angel I 've met!"
And he smiled, as Madeleine uneasily said,
"Are you really he who lay sick on that bed,
So hurt? And the angel—do you mean was I?
Or did some other one unto you hie?"
"None other, fair one, came to visit me there
But yourself; and now I sincerely declare,
The form of your features has haunted my life;
And, tho' I am noble, I will make you my wife.
I have watched you at Moreà day by day:
In peasant's rough guise, I have crossed your way.
In the church, in the field, at the eventide,
In the early morn, I have been by your side.
I love you, my Madeleine, more than my soul.
Of your father's secret, I well know the whole.
He is safe in my hands, and so is his child;
And she alone me from my home has beguiled."

Fear.

Madeleine's thoughts were now all in a maze.
She well remembered a peasant's rude gaze;
And how in the church it seemèd to draw
Her attention away, till alone she saw
The hunter lying on the peasant's bed,
With pale, ghastly face, and poor wounded head.
And how, in the mist of the mountain drear,
A peasant's pale face seemed e'er to appear.

And now, it was the minstrel after all.
Thus troubled, she said, "Why did you not call,
And openly see us, father and all?
A true, hearty welcome you should have had;
And Madeleine's heart would have been very glad.
But now!"——"Now, indeed, my beautiful maid,"
Said he, "I 'm sure you 're not of me afraid;
And I know, indeed, that you love me full well;
So to you my secret I shortly will tell."

Then a keen sense of fear o'er Madeleine's heart crept.
Fear! But of what afraid—that she could not say.
She felt as if thro' a long night she had slept,
And had now just awoke in the light of day,
And knew all her peril; so she called aloud,
Bitterly sobbing, as if her heart would break,
As the minstrel's head to the earth was near bowed,
"Take me home! Oh! to my father me take."
"Fading, lady, now is the fast-passing day,"
Said the minstrel. "To-night to go is too late;
A convent lies just a few steps on our way.
To the abbess I 'll take you: then you can state
Your wishes, and she 'll your least word obey."

Then, silently, he to her held out his hand;
And Madeleine arose, scarcely able to stand.
On the way, neither one of them breathed a word:
Madeleine's heart to its very depths was stirred;
And as to the old convent gate they drew near,
Each felt a dread; but how different their fear!

A few steps more, when a tramp and a clash
Of soldiers near, with a hurry and dash,
Came on the still air; and, ere they reach'd the gate,
The war-horses came prancing towards them straight.
The Captain bowed low, as the minstrel he spied.
"Sire," were his quick words, "your father has died.
France now has no king, save thee, sire. God bless
France!"
And the shoutings caused the war-horses to prance;
While Madeleine deemed it all only a dream,
From which she should wake very soon, it would seem.
The abbess tenderly the fair maid embraced,
And said, "In safety you will, dear one, be placed:
I know well, your rank is not low in degree;
In confidence then, maiden, now follow me."
The minstrel went with the soldiers; but first said
To Madeleine—who to the abbess had fled—
"On what may seem strange, let not your heart dwell;
Trust me with your love, and all shall end well."
Just then, a peasant who was passing that way,
She called—she knew him—knew he'd her obey;
And, kissing her ring, said, "Without any delay,
Take this—tell my father no trouble to take
For my safety; I'll write, and all plain to him make."

THE PURSUIT.

Le Fontaine, for a moment, held down his head;
For a tempest of passion raged thro' his brain:
This, then, was the end of the foreboding dread
Which, of late, had fillèd his sad heart with pain.

His eyes flashed a light, to the villagers new :
The curé trembled, as he said, "I would he were slain !
O, Monsieur le Duc—Le Fontaine—what shall we do?
Ha !"—"Hush ! hush !" cried Le Fontaine.
"This can't be endured !
Captain Jerome, I pray you, lend me a horse.
Before the sun sinks o'er yon hill, rest assured,
I 'll bring you my child, and the minstrel a corse."
Then Le Fontaine across the country rode straight ;
With furious passion his brain was on fire,
And he distanced all others : for none would he wait ;
For vengeance swift, speedy, demanded his ire.
On, on, until, foam-flecked, fell dead the brave steed,
And Le Fontaine was miles away from his home.
In despair he exclaimed, "Hope's dead now, indeed.
Oh ! whither for my daughter now shall I roam ?"

DESPAIR.

He wandered for days, but no tidings could gain :
Sad, weary, it seemed his heart was near broken.
On a moss-covered stone he sat, while his brain
Ached, as he dwelt on the words she had spoken
Concerning her longing to pierce the grey cloud—
The cloud o'er the mountain, which afar he could see.
It seemed to him now, it hung down like a shroud—
A pall for his dead hopes thro' eternity.

In his mind, he could see his vine-cover'd cot,
And the path up-winding the mountain behind.
And all the despair of his desolate lot
Overwhelmingly forced its weight on his mind;
So that he wept, as Jacob wept for his son,
And as Rachel mourned for her innocents slain.
And he moaned, "On earth now my work is done!
Can balm e'er be found that will ease my heart's pain?
I 'll live for revenge! But will that me her bring?
What can Madeleine save? Oh! that she were dead!
I will drag my old limbs once more 'fore the king,
For her sake. What need I now care for my head?"
And still there he sat, tho' fast faded the day:
The drear darkness gathered, and dewy damps fell,
Moistening his locks, that were scanty and grey.
His fierce-burning agony words could not tell.
It had come like a spark, on dry heather thrown;
A small flash at first, then, on grasping the fire,
O'er bushes and shrubs, until, masterful grown,
It kills huge green trees, in its fierce, vengeful ire,
Till the sward is reeking black ashes and smoke:
The glory of the village burnt up and broke,
And beauty 's dethroned by desolation's king.
"Cursèd be he! O, why did I e'er let him sing?
Or ever come near us?" Le Fontaine now said:
"But I 'll follow them thro' the world till we meet:
I 'd been happier, Madeleine, hadst thou been dead!"
And he rose off the stone, while his weary feet

Moved slowly along o'er the drear, dusty road;
And his body was bent with sorrow and care;
Like Christian, his back held a burdensome load;
Yet unlike, for help knew not where to repair.
Suddenly broke forth quite near to him singing;
The voices of children afloat on the air,
Upwards, heavenwards, their sweet course went winging:
The "Hymn of the Evening" chaunting they were.
Le Fontaine stood still, as the hymn they sang thro':
He listened, and heard now and then the deep sound
Of a man's bass voice, then a woman's joined too;
And these were the words that came floating around:

THE HYMN OF THE EVENING.

Sweet is the hour of stilly eve,
When the rude toiling day is o'er,
And the sun's garish blazings leave
A cool, soft gloaming at our door:
Sweet hour, as fades the passing light
To rest unarmoured from life's fight.

Hard, rough, and rugged tho' our way,
And sorrowing, toiling, our chief lot;
Yet we can smiling, calmly, say,
"God never has our wants forgot;
And every day, have mercies new
Lit up with hope our darkened view."

Once Jesu's steps were hard indeed !
  That our last eve may sink in peace ;
That He may fill our every need,
  Till time, and sense, and all, shall cease !
Sweet hour of eve, to think on this,
When sleep shall mean, to wake in bliss.

Sweet thought, that thro' the by-gone day,
  His love a shield has o'er us been.
Tho' rough our road, 't was His own way,
  Tho' how, or why, could not be seen.
The gloaming dies, the night sets in ;
Fond sleep will soon our senses win.

But thro' the coming hours of night,
  He 'll send His guards safe us to keep.
So fare thee well, thou fading light ;
  And welcome, kindly-coming sleep !
We will repose, as those who know
They 're guarded safe from every foe.

HOPE.

Le Fontaine drank in these sweet words, as drinks the soul
  That famished feels, deep draughts of life-giving water.
It seemed that soft breathings came o'er him, to control
  His cruel despair, about his gone, lost daughter.
And as before Time 'gan below his lines to trace,
Lightning and thunder, sole inhabitants of space,

Conceived and bore a gaunt, black, burnt, chaotic mass,
This world of ours, void of all shape or moulded form;
Till the great, glad Creator's breath caused 'way to pass
The chaos. Then up sprung, from out the raging storm,
Creation's beauties, so that heaven's glorious host
Looked on in wonder at the o'er grand startling change;
'Till the good earth and sea were ready, coast to coast,
For His far greater work, e'en man, who o'er all should range.
The blackness unto light gave place, and vanished all,
Save gentle zephyrs, breathing straight from heaven.
So hearing, caused Le Fontaine on his knees to fall:
To him the hymn had been like well-placed leaven,
Which worketh wonders in the mass, maugre its will.
So crying, upwards went his voice, "Help me, O God!
It cannot be, that me, indeed! indeed! thou 'lt kill.
Help me to bend submissive to this chast'ning rod!"
Then a strange peace crept into his heart, and abode.
He felt like one, half-frozen, on a wintry day,
Would feel, if taken into a bright room that glowed
With heat, then fed and warm clothed, before sent away.

Le Fontaine walked straight to the lowly cottage door;
He intended to rest with the peasants that night.
It seemed that some blessing must be for him in store:
The prospect had changed from utter darkness to light.
The children quickly ran out Le Fontaine to meet;
The peasant and his wife bade them enter their cot.
Then scampering, the young ones beat a speedy retreat,
As the peasant hastily exclaimed, "I have got
A message from your daughter! I 've been you to see.
No one at Moreà knew where you were to be found:
Here is the token that she herself gave to me!"
Le Fontaine sprung off his rough seat with a bound,
"'Tis my Madeleine's ring! How came you with this?"
"I met your daughter, as she was passing this way;
And she took off her ring, and gave it a kiss,
And said, 'Take this to my father without delay,
And tell him very soon he shall hear from his child.'
She is safe; and the minstrel is not what he seems."
Then Le Fontaine spoke sadly, as he faintly smiled,
"I suppose this is one of my horrible dreams!
Good night! At Moreà, it may be, there is news."
He strode away quickly, his load now he could bear;
But he could not afford one more moment to lose
'Ere he reached his sad home; for good news would be there.

DISMAL HOME.

The moon was palely staring on the silent earth,
As up the mountain's side in haste Le Fontaine went.
Sad thoughts of his wife, who 'd died at Madeleine's birth,
Crept o'er his chastened heart, and sore his feelings rent.

He felt his giving up of rank for hermit's life
Had not at all succeeded well; for Madeleine
Was like a fragile vessel, torn by ocean's strife,
And wrecked, because her pilot had no danger seen.

Her message had lost half its spell, as silently
He strode towards his gloomy, unwelcoming cot.
He entered: all was darkling still, as by went he
Madeleine's room, where now he knew that she was not.

By hasty, flashing light, he saw, with silk tied round,
A dainty missive; and he cursed its sweet perfume,
As, angrily, he dashed it from him to the ground,
Thinking, "She 's fallen!" as he madly paced the room.

And breathing cursings, vengeance loud, and love's despair,
At length he lifted up, and tore the missive open.
And as he read, he, sobbing, sank upon his chair!
The pent-up springs within his heart were swift upbroken:

For Madeleine had written, from the convent near,
Fond words of hope, that could not but assure him well,
That she was safe: the minstrel to her heart was dear,
And ALL THE MYSTERY GLADLY she would shortly tell.

THE KING'S COMMAND.

The night passed slowly on. At the first streak of day,
Le Fontaine viewed a troop of horsemen riding swift
Towards Morea, flaunting their spears and pennons gay;
Their leader, in his cap a glove, his fair love's gift,

Before Le Fontaine's door dismounted, and low bowed.
"The king commands that, with much honour and respect,
We lead you to his presence: wherefore, he doth shroud
In mystery. My name is Brabazon. If I neglect

Some knightly courtesy, or too imperative seem,
It 's 'cause impatience in my master breeds in me
The same disease. A caught complaint 's oft bad, I deem.
But, zounds! Some symptoms of the same in you I see!

My mission, with my windy words, tho' meant for zeal,
I but retard. Here is the king's epistle: say,
Are you ready?" Le Fontaine gazed upon the seal,
The king's own seal, with feelings near 'kin to dismay.

It ran, "My friend, we have the minstrel safe and sure.
His doom is in your hands: we but him safely bind.
Your daughter 's here, and also safe. But, what is more,
She says she 's 'married!' Ha! But this plot you 'll unwind.

We 've taken to us your old curé, Phil. Jerome,
And Marie too. We fear your Moreà will prove dull;
So with Brabazon swiftly come: leave your drear home,
And fadeless blooms of pleasure you shall surely cull."

"I'm ready, Brabazon," Le Fontaine said. "Let 's go.'
He mounted a horse, which for the purpose was brought.
"Your face," said the knight, "I think that I ought to know;
And yet—of course—excuse—it surely can 't be aught

That ere I 've seen before?" Le Fontaine said,
"You 're right."
And so they rode along for hours, until they neared
The city, and the palace loomèd in their sight;
But if the outcome would prove "good," Le Fontaine feared.

It was not long, ere to the palace gates they came.
Brabazon ushered Le Fontaine up the broad stairs,
Muttering, as he went, "He's like Duc d'Angoulême;
But then how furrowed is his face with treason's cares."

PEACE AT LAST.

Then there was a bustle, and into the hall
Came officers, their dress all covered with gold;
And thrones could be seen, as they heard some one call,
"Monsieur Le Fontaine;" and then he was told
To speak boldly before the king, who was kind,
And would him assist in his direst need.
And Le Fontaine had all the words in his mind
He meant, 'fore the king, to eloquently plead;
And he saw at the end of the splendid room,
On thrones of pure gold, the king and the queen,
And thought, "I shall now very soon know my doom.
I wonder, if here they 've my Madeleine."
Then advancing, he bowed, never lifting his head,
Till he stopped in front of the royal pair.
Then a voice, sweet enough to awaken the dead,
Whispered, "Father!" and Madeleine was there.
But then she was queen, and the minstrel king.
All dazed, to the side of his daughter he crept,
Exclaiming, "This is a wonderful thing!"
And she fell on her father's breast and wept,
And sobbed loud, as came flowing tears of great joy.
The king stepped down, and Le Fontaine embraced,
Saying, "May our pleasures ne'er have an alloy;
And, verily, may this be their smallest taste!

We freely forgive you, d'Angoulême, all the past.
Your secret from the first was known unto ME.
Your daughter is now Queen of France, sure and fast;
And you, my dear Duke, my good friend must be.
My father, long since, your supposed crime forgave.
Your real one was hiding this jewel at Moreà;
You thought that you 'd hid her from all eyes, save
Yours, the peasants', old Marie, and the curé.
You both now must shine in a more brilliant sphere:
You, as my principal officer of state;
A bishop your curé I 've made, to be near
Dear Madeleine and myself. God bless his old pate!"

And then, from a side door the old curé came:
Tho' mitred, to Madeleine he was still just the same,
And Marie, who fell at Madeleine's feet.
"But," continued the king, "now Madeleine is queen,
To tell you why away I stole her is meet.
I am sure, that I must have appeared very mean.
My father would have cut me off from the throne,
Had I wedded any but whom he should say;
But now he 's dead, and Madeleine 's my own;
And that is just why I then stole her away.
Captain Jerome—he, of our guard is the head.
D'Angoulême, pray be our counsellor and friend.
Come, bishop!" Then the curé, his hands outspread,
Said, trembling, "May God all our lives e'er defend!"

BEATRICE AND ELOS.

"Oh, Beatrice! dear!
Thy lover 's here,
  Outside thy cottage door.
Why bid him wait?
The hour grows late;
  The moon is cover'd o'er.
A large, black cloud
Doth her face shroud,
  While waiting here for thee.
Hast thou forgot
That dear old spot
  Beneath the trysting tree?
Once, at his call,
His bosom's thrall
  Glowed in thy liquid eyes.
Alas! for hours,
Lone 's been love's bowers,
  Impregnate with sad sighs.
Oh! Beatrice dear!
Thy lover 's here,
  Outside thy cottage door;
But oh! alas!
No welcome, lass,
  Thou giv'st him any more.

Oh! that I were a nightingale,
To charm thy heart with song;
Surely, my trilling would not fail
Thy fond love to prolong;
I 'd nestle in the vine twigs, dear,
That round thy windows twine;
Then wouldst thou say, 'My love is here!'
Oh! Beatrice! love of mine.

Oh! for the bulbul's amorous strain,
The bulbul's power of song!
My love will ne'er look out again!
I 've waited here so long.
The glamoring gloaming saw me come,
The moon rose sad and cold;
The dewy morn will send me home,
With all my love untold.

Oh! Beatrice, love,
Can nothing move
Thy heart to life again.
Cruel, fickle fair,
The rocky lair,
Of eaglets I would fain;
But not thine heart,
While such a dart
Quivers within mine own,
Shot from thy bow,
My Beatrice. Oh!
Such pain none e'er has known.

Hast thou no kiss,
No seal of bliss?
  Must I for e'er repine?
Oh! wretched fate!
Found out too late!
  Oh! Beatrice, still be mine!
Or wild despair
Will send my care
  To the clear crystal's grasp,
If, Beatrice, thou
Wilt not come now,
  And tight me to thee clasp.
In the far west,
Sinks down to rest
  The tired, the love-sick moon;
My brain aches sore,
At thy cot's door.
  Oh! Beatrice! come, come soon!"
Beatrice replied,
"Let the swift tide
  Float thee away from me.
Thou fickle swain,
Come not again.
  I 'll never more thee see.
I saw thy lips
Take precious sips
  From some young maiden, whom
In warm embrace,
I thee could trace,
  Just in the twilight's gloom.

My casement I
Will shut, and die:
I 'll never see thee more!
Go, false, cruel man;
I never can
This awful blow get o'er.

I wish I were an owlet, so
To hide me in some wall;
Some ruin shelter from this blow,
And night shades hear my call.
Go, false one, go! My life is spent;
My trust in man is o'er!
My heart was only to thee lent;
Seek not my cottage door.

I shall not pine by mead or grove
For Elos, such as he;
Nor shall the maidens say 't is love
For Elos, they can see.
I 'll sing! I 'll dance! Go! Elos, go!
Thou 'st broken quite my heart.
I never more sweet peace shall know.
False, fickle swain, thou art!"

"Nay, Beatrice, nay!
I pray thee, stay!"
Young Elos said, "'Tis true,
Whom thou didst see
Near unto me,
Was my dear sister who

Had just returned:
Our fond hearts yearned,
So gladly we embraced.
So, Beatrice, dear,
Pray do not fear,
That I've my love disgraced!'

"Can this be true?"
"Yes, Beatrice, I—"
"No. I must sue—"
"Nay. To me fly—
Oh! Beatrice, dear,
I'll soon be down."
"My love is here,
Without a frown!"

Oh! Beatrice, now,
Upon thy brow
Soft kisses I will press;
And thou shalt pay
This vast delay,
By one fond, chaste caress.
No doubts shall more
Cross our path o'er.
I am thy faithful swain—"
"Yes, Elos, thou
Art with me now.
We'll never part again!"

AFTER THE BALL.

THE music was splendid, the company rare,
And O! how swiftly the time sped away.
It seems but an hour or so we were there;
And yet when we left, it was break of day.
And dreary and cold was the outer gloom,
After the brilliantly lighted room.

How dreadfully now my head it does ache:
I danced every dance—'twas charming, indeed;
My partners such fuss and trouble would take
To satisfy even my slightest need;
The "Claret Cup" was so deliciously cold,
And "harmless as water," I was told.

How grateful the incense of flattery is!
Don't think I believed, tho', their rhodomontade;
But deemed their fair speeches only a quiz;
Yet still, I'm rather a good-looking maid!
I noticed the frowns of some of my sex;
And this would cause them, I know, to vex.

What visions waft round this now-crumpled card,
His name! here is pencil'd so often down.
He squeezed my hand just a little *too* hard;
But seemed so respectful, I could not frown;
"May I," he asked, "be allowed to call,
To see your papa, after the ball?"

Ah me! I expect, he will soon forget
The whispers that fell so sweet on my ear;
But, his name? I can't decipher it yet:
'Tis unreadable quite, I very much fear;
But if my papa he should call to see!
The thought makes my heart quite dance with glee!

I read this other name passably well:
'Twas nicely he danced, and soft was his voice;
But all his fine words had not got a spell
To vibrate my heart, and to make it rejoice
Like had his! I wish his name I could read.
I think he loves me—I do, indeed!

Ah me! Lal-a-lal! Lal-a-lal! that valse:
I feel whirling now to those splendid strains;
If all the bright pleasures of life be false,
The bliss of remembrance still to us remains.
I wonder so much, does he mean to call—
Or if he's quite forgotten it all.

O! what a wreck is my beautiful dress!
There, never mind that; 't was the last fierce pace
Too fast was *that* "Gallop," I must confess;
Why, the room was strewed with muslin and lace.
I must rest, and drive all these thoughts away,
And ready be, should he call to-day.

THE PEBBLE.

I HAVE many years been tossed
On the sea beach, o'er and o'er;
Many changes have they passed,
Since I first rolled on this shore.

Empires they have risen and fallen,
In their vast and mighty pride;
I, a simple pebble only,
On the sea shore still abide.

Conquering armies, vast ambitions,
They have lasted but a day;
Fled has centuries. Since I came here,
Time has passed swift on its way.

Monk and hermit, king and courtier,
Splendid visions, where are they?
Year on year has fled on swiftly,
And has swept them to decay.

Oft' I 've seen the glad day dawning,
And the sun's bright, glorious ray
Lifting up the pall of darkness,
Chasing it from out its way.

Then, again, his crimson setting,
Splendid as a jewelled crown,
Sparkling, lighting up the heavens,
And in grandeur going down.

Then I've heard the surging billows,
As they 've washed upon the shore;
Listened to the wild winds sighing
With their melancholy roar;

Seen the black clouds o'er head hanging,
Charged with some tremendous storm,
Heard it burst with awful fury,
Spreading round a dire alarm.

While the water, madly lashing,
Toss'd and leap'd into the air,
Foaming, roaring, wildly crashing
All that dared to venture there.

Vessels, all unheeding, homeward,
Suddenly have met their doom,
All their living freight have perished:
Raging waves have hid their tomb.

Then I 've seen the pallid corpses,
When the furious storm 's been o'er,
Stretchèd out in ghastly numbers,
On this pebbly sea-beach shore.

Men, p'r'aps, not long since living,
  Full of hope at reaching land;
Maids, the blush of life possessing,
  Sleeping lifeless on the strand.

I have seen the aged parent
  Lie with glistening, glassy eye;
Sisters, brothers, fathers, mothers,
  As the tide has left them dry.

Then I 've watched the rippling water,
  When the sky 's been bright and fair,
Come, and gently kiss these sleepers,
  As if sorry they were there.

Oft I 've watched a mother weeping,
  Waiting for her darling son;
And have pitied her keen sorrow,
  Knowing, ne'er would come this one.

Fain would I have whispered to her,
  "All your watching, weeping 's vain:
He is safe in calmer waters,
  Where there 's no more sorrowing pain."

Often they have trampled on me,
  Who have come the dead to seek;
And I 've felt the hot tears dropping
  Off their pale and furrowed cheek;

Then again, I 've been turned over
By some tiny, childish hand,
Till of playing it has tired,
And has left me on the sand.

Years on years I shall be tossèd,
Ere the world shall meet its end :
Scenes of pleasure and of sorrow
Will my future lot attend.

In the sunshine, bright and cheering ;
In the winter, dark and drear ;
Washed often by the waters,
I, a pebble, still am here.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

Exposed to the air,
Mind and take care,
To button thy coat
Tightly up to the throat,
And see that well round
By a wrapper it 's bound ;
Briskly walk, to keep warm,
And the cold will not harm ;
But an appetite good
Bring for some dainty food.

A bright fire 's at home,
So do not far roam.
A loving wife 's there
To soothe every care,
Thy slippers to bring,
To play or to sing;
And servants to wait,
To carry thy plate,
To fill up thy glass,
Or some nice morsel pass.
Oh! indeed, thou art blest,
As thou seekest thy rest,
And on soft beds of down
Thou layest thyself down,
And findest repose
Beneath the warm clothes.

Exposed to the air,
Half naked and bare,
Why shiver and shake,
And so tremble and quake,
And, all of a heap,
Along the streets creep,
In the terrible cold?
For no silver or gold
Will come to thy share
Rather, sorrow and care.
The cold will not harm,
If thou can'st keep warm.

Briskly walk, and sharp stones
Will soon cut to thy bones;
No hope on earth,
A horrible dearth;
At home all despair,
Sickness is there;
A loved wife dying,
Children all crying,
Hungry and sad,
Ravenous and mad;
No food by day,
Nowhere to stay,
Or yet food at night;
Oh! 'tis a terrible plight.

Mors janua vitae.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR ARTHUR HELPS, K.C.B.

LINES GRACIOUSLY ACCEPTED BY HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

GOOD Helps! Another of our mother's friends,
Now thou art gone from her side!
God but a short time to us lends
Our loved ones, ere the tide

Of Death engulphs. The dark, mysterious
stream
Floats them far out of our sight.
Life's happiness is only a dream
Of a short, short summer's night.
Shadows lie heavy 'cross the path of life,
And hide much of its sunshine.
All our feeble steps are made in strife,
Guided by the Great Divine,
Who nature's feeblest efforts marks so well,
That not a sparrow falleth
Down, but He notes where it fell,
And He the flutterer calleth
Home. E'en as every wandering, single hair,
He notes its loss and takes account,
And measureth every line of care
Which sad sorrow makes time mount
On the fair countenance, which once did, like
Its Maker's, bear the impress
Of eternal youth, till sin did strike
It hard! Then her foul caress
Conceived all woe and sorrow on us here.
Our choicest friend soon flies
To his eternal rest! All that 's dear
Sooner, aye, or later dies!
The thoughts of thy great sorrow, oh! our Queen!
Vibrate in unison our hearts.
So soon as clouds are o'er thee seen,
The tear of sympathy starts

Forth in sadness; for we love thee well!
And deeply mourn our and thy loss.
With thoughts of thee, our throbbing hearts out swell.
This last, this loaded, heavy, heavy cross
Of thine, Victoria, goes not unheeded
By! We miss the genial friend,
Who, we know, much was needed!
May God soon some other lend!
The lives of good men never really go
From us; for, while Time lasteth,
The memory of their goodness so
Brightly shines, that, tho' death blasteth
All our hopes, and bids us, sorrowing, mourn
And weep, and on the shore of Time
We are left, while others reach the bourn
Of peace that we would climb,
The power of their influences with us stays.
God's will our steps obeyeth.
He bids us bear our burdens, as the days
They come—our start delayeth.
Our lov'd ones pass to Heaven's peaceful shore,
Leaving us behind, sadly
To mourn. Till time for sorrowing o'er,
And seraphs shout out gladly,
"Welcome all your long-lost friends again;
And thus so fully be repaid
For all your weight of woe, grief, and pain
On earth, by a kind hand made.

I'll lead you by a path ye cannot see,
By cool streams of endless peace.
Sorrow and woe from thee shall flee;
Thy soul has now its sweet release.
Henceforth the cares of earth shall cease."

MY CHILD'S GRAVE.

ON SEEING SOME WEEDS THEREON.

THOU sleeping dust, what heedest thou,
If flowers or weeds adorn this bed?
For amaranth blossoms round thy head
Shed holy halos on thy brow
For ever— ! not a fleeting *now!*

What heedest thou, how cruel the world,
Or harsh the lessons of its school?
Thy body's like an empty spool,
With all the thread of life untwirled,
The shuttle still, the pattern furled.

What heedest thou? 'Tis we who 're left,
Who know how gross and rank weeds grow.
There 's only lying here below
Life's fabric, ravelled, warp and weft,
The garment of the soul bereft.

As thus I muse, methinks, I hear,
"Why heedest thou the growing weeds?"
An angel say: "Earth such things needs:
Waste not upon the sod a tear.
'T is but the shell that 's lying here.

Thy child is not: hush, peace, be still!
He is not here: at rest 's his soul;
Tho' gross, rank weeds adorn this knoll.
He who the human heart doth till,
Has all things growing as He will."

LAUGHTER.

WOULD ye a great blessing know,
Deeply of bliss quaff,
Feel the happiest state below?
Know, then, how to laugh.

Not the snigger, full of guile,
With a bated breath:
Not the cold and formal smile,
Fit to mate with death.

But the hearty, Ha, ha! loud,
Coming from glad hearts,
Beaming, glowing, as a cloud
Of joys upward starts.

Ha, ha! He who knows the sound
Of the merry peal,
Feels his heart within him bound
At the laughter real.

All can mourn and bid joy fly,
Deep of misery quaff.
I love him who can enjoy
A loud, hearty, laugh.

EARTH.

With all its fierce trials,
With its carking cares,
And its luring smiles,
With its treach'rous snares;

So happy and gay,
Where we act our part,
And then pass away,
P'r'aps, broken in heart;

With its clouds of despair
In poverty's lot;
Without trial or care,
A beautiful spot.

With its favoured few ;
In rags and in woe ;
With hearts that are true,
With hearts not just so.

Where, at last, we shall lie
A few feet, or more ;
Ours, when we die,
To cover us o'er.

TO MY FRIEND JOHN.

THE memory of thy friendship, John,
Shall rest upon me, when old age
Has dried the well-spring up of youth,
And turnèd o'er life's latest pagé.

The hours we 've spent together, John,
Both sad and joyous have they been.
O'er both our heads, dark clouds have closed;
And gleams of sunshine have we seen.

Thy sympathy has cheered me, John,
When I have told thee of some trial;
And mine I 've often seen, my friend,
Call to thy face a cheering smile.

In scenes of joy, with glowing thoughts,
Thy mirthful laugh has joined with mine :
We 've had so much of happiness,
We may not, if we would, repine.

When thou art gone, the memory, John,
Of days gone—passed for e'er away—
Shall be embalmed within my heart,
Which whispers, old friend, "Pray, still stay."

THE BEACON.

OLAF, the high beacon feedeth,
Ready waits for any foe.
Naptha every night needeth
O'er the piled-up wood to flow.
In the evening's gathering shade
Olaf watches all the coast 'long:
For, as high the waters flow strong,
Many noises strange are made.

Moan the surging billows, flowing
On the hard and pebbly shore,
O'er the waste of weeds growing,
Covering soon the beach all o'er;
Groaning as it inward flows,
Seething like a cauldron boiling,
Rushing with a dismal moiling:
Olaf oft thinks, "Coming foes."

Olaf on the steep beach listens,
As he, in the darkness, peers:
With mist his grey hair glistens:
Shrieking wild birds din his ears.

But he, keenly watching, roams :
As the shingly beach he presses,
The salt sea his feet caresses,
And in anger round them foams.

Olaf's body is all over
Like a serpent's scaly shell ;
From his loins, hanging lower,
Falls a wolf's skin, covering well
Leaves of iron fixed on hide :
Scaly armour shields his broad breast,
And some large knives at his side rest ;
True and trusty blades, well tried.

Keenly scanning all the shore round,
Fears his watching hours prolong,
Until, drenched, he makes a huge bound
Shoreward, murmuring, "Nought is wrong."
And a smile o'er his face creeps;
For he 's thinking, " Wife of mine,
Your fire 'll dry me from the sea brine.
Norseman's vengeance surely sleeps."

Something must be Olaf fright'ning,
For he stoppeth, just as when
Stops a man struck by light'ning ;
And he murmurs, " Boats, with men !
I can hear muffled rowing !
Light the beacon ! Much I 'm fearing,
'Tis the Norsemen that are nearing,
Coming on the spring-tide flowing."

Brightly soon his torch is flaring:
While he murmurs, "Curse the knaves!"
All around the light is glaring.
He mounts the beacon, thro' the waves:
Flashes all around the rays.
Olaf's sheltered from the foe's sight,
'Till he dashes with his torch-light,
And the beacon is ablaze.

Olaf clings around the large pole,
From which hangs the beacon out;
While, lit up, the tossing waves roll.
Looking down, he gives a shout:
"We your coming now can trace!
Ha, ha! Norsemen, there's no knowing,
If alive from here you 're going!"
And the fire lit up his face.

Olaf's loud shouts rend the dark sky,
"To the rescue! Britons, arm!
Make these cursed Norsemen fly."
Quickly spreads the dire alarm;
Ruddy beacons many flame:
"Ha, ha! the rescue! see, they fly!
Sweet music is their baffled cry:
These are foes not worth the name!"

Arrows, thick as hail-stones falling,
Whizz and whistle round his head;
Olaf, taunting, keeps on calling:
"Strike! The cowards all have fled!"

He, brave, stands in the bright light.
Ah! alas! his armour soon fails;
Glides an arrow 'neath the false scales.
Olaf, dead, sinks out of sight!

HOPE EVERMORE.

WHEN tired and weary of this life,
Wishing its cares and troubles o'er;
When ready to give up the strife:
Hope evermore! Hope evermore!

When galling treachery tracks thy way,
And fiery trials press on thee sore,
Friends human prove, thy trust betray:
Hope evermore! Hope evermore!

When weary is thy heart, and sad,
A sadness reaching to the core,
And life 's in darkest colours clad:
Hope evermore! Hope evermore!

If poverty should be thy lot,
And summer friends forsake thy door,
Thou 'rt not the first whom wealth 's forgot:
Hope evermore! Hope evermore!

Should sickness come and lay thee low,
And health thou 'lt deem will be no more,
'T may be for brighter days thou 'lt know:
Hope evermore! Hope evermore!

Whatever troubles cross thy way,
Or lions in thy path may roar,
Be this thy motto, day by day:
Hope evermore! Hope evermore!

ENGLAND.

For other lands, O, happy England! I do not vainly sigh,
Or envy any of their fair and wondrous, beauteous scenes;
For I love thee, happy England! with thy often gloomy sky:
Thou art the ideal image of my very fondest dreams.

I know that there are fairer, brighter, sunnier far-off lands,
Where everlasting spring-time seems perpetually to dwell.
Where the sky is a blue canopy, and shining, golden sands
Are lapped for ever by the ocean's soft and loving swell.

But England! Happy England! thou art free! the freest of the free,
And God Himself has set His mark upon thy noble brow;
Oh! who could wish ought else on earth than an Englishman to be?
To whose proud flag, in every sea, strong, cruel oppressors bow.

I 'd rather be a peasant born, in this happy English land,
Then the proudest subject, where my words and thoughts were not my own.
Oh, England! Happy England! thou art blessed on every hand;
And truth and freedom are the grand foundations of thy throne.

BRIGHT MEMORIES.

How dreary and dark would our lives on earth be,
If we had no bright scenes in the past to recall,
If in memory's glass we could no images see,
And the dark curtain "gone" at times would not fall.

Oh, bright memories! how ye come crowding around;
Like enchantment, scenes rise up before my mind's eye.
I live again "spring-time," when nought ever was found
To dull my bright spirits, or cause me to sigh.

How large is the storehouse, where bright mem'ry keeps
A good stock of fair pictures to shew to my view;
Till the past seems to be only something that sleeps,
And soon will awaken my youth to renew.

I remember, I oft on the hill's top reclined,
While the fresh, grateful breeze with health tinged my cheek!
And I laugh'd at my playmates hast'ning up far behind;
For I would be nought, if not "King of the Peak."

Then the dawn of young love, when my heart first was fired,
Tho' no words of such to my charmer were spoken;
But to bask in her bright smiles was all I desired,
And I felt her least frown my heart would have broken.

Oh, bright memories! how ye come trooping apace,
And, crowding round, lighten the dim dullness of now.
How happy is he who can look back, and can trace
The gleams of fair sunshine which once lit his brow!

How wretched is he who has not some bright spot,
Outshining, like a beacon, in life's stormy sea;
Who no bright times has had, how e'er hard now his lot,
A refuge from the present to which he can flee!

Oh, bright memories! may ye have plenty to do;
And teach me, that life is not all darksome and drear;
And each day thy storehouse I will try to renew;
And thy riches shall be to my heart very dear.

SERVIA AND BULGARIA.

AUGUST, 1876.

Is there now no charm left in the wonderful name
Of England, proud England, the brave and the free?
Through the wide world wafts now no longer her fame?
Is Liberty dead with the Queen of the sea?

Can she stand still, unmoved, at the wrongs of a race
Whose homes and whose hearts are as pure as our own?
And with Policy's cloak hide her once honest face,
While infidels tear Freedom out of her throne?

Once England could have said, "Cruel tyrant, now stop!"
Alas! that these words history should have to record;
"Of tyranny it seems that she was the chief prop,
And Policy let Christians fall by the sword."

It may be 't is statecraft! We dare n't do as we please?
But 't is cruel to thus let our brothers be crushed:
In extremity now they are brought on their knees.
Let 's speak! and the voice of dishonour be hushed.

May God e'er bless the right, put the tyrants to flight,
And favour the blow for Liberty given!
May England *speak out* on behalf of the right,
And her banner still float, the freest 'neath heaven!

A SERENADE.

COME, WAKE, MY LOVE!

COME, wake, my love! 'T will soon be light.
Aurora's handmaid swiftly flies
To draw aside dark, curtained night,
And waken up the ambient skies.
Oh! for my sake, awake! awake!
Fond dreamer, wake! The night is dying,
Glad day is near, and gloom, in fear,
Is flying, flying, flying!

Pearl dew-drops leap off every spray,
As feathered songsters rouse the air;
And perfumes sweet float by this way,
For daylight 's rousing from his lair.

Oh ! for my sake ! awake ! awake !
Fond dreamer, wake ! The night is dying,
Glad day is near, and gloom, in fear,
Is flying, flying, flying !

Sol boldly smiles upon the rill,
Which, blushing sweetly, gently flows ;
He laughs to life the trance-held hill ;
And, fired with love, fond Nature glows.
Oh ! for my sake ! awake ! awake !
Fond dreamer, wake ! The night is dying,
Glad day is near, and gloom, in fear,
Is flying, flying, flying !

Oh ! wake my love ! and hear my sighs ;
The wee witch, Sleep, should now be home.
'T will ne'er be light, without thine eyes
Illumine where sly shadows roam.
Oh ! for my sake ! awake ! awake !
Fond dreamer, wake ! The night is dying,
Glad day is near, and gloom, in fear,
Is flying, flying, flying !

Haste ! haste, my fair ! I long to tell
Of all my love, to list to thine ;
The roses sweet and philomel
Already wreaths of bliss entwine.
Oh ! for my sake ! awake ! awake !
Fond dreamer, wake ! The night is dying,
Glad day is near, and gloom, in fear,
Is flying, flying, flying !

Come down, my love! The lark 's on wing:
Come, join young Morning's gladsome mirth:
He 's tickling every living thing,
And laughter wakes the sleeping Earth.
Oh! for my sake! awake! awake!
Fond dreamer, wake! The night is dying,
Glad day is near, and gloom, in fear,
Is flying, flying, flying!

Come, wake, my love! Come, wake, my love!
The dawn will soon swell into day.
Oh! haste, my fond one, quickly move:
Such charms as these soon fade away.
Oh! for my sake! awake! awake!
Fond dreamer, wake! The night is dying,
Glad day is near, and gloom, in fear,
Is flying, flying, flying!

SPRING.

SPRING! spring! beautiful spring!
Welcome! oh, welcome thee back again.
Winter no longer is Nature's king.
Welcome! oh, welcome! thy gladsome reign!

Spring! spring! beautiful spring!
Primrose and violet blossom for thee:
Joyous the hymns feathered flutt'rers sing,
Now from winter's cold grasp they are free.

Spring ! spring ! beautiful spring !
Emblem of life in its youthful days ;
Forward, so brightly, HOPE thou dost bring,
That winter's DESPAIR fades from our gaze.

Spring ! spring ! beautiful spring !
Oh ! what blessings from thee we receive !
Philomel doth her way to us wing ;
With melody's flood, to wake every eve.

Spring ! spring ! beautiful spring !
Brimful of promise, brimful of joy :
Budding groves e'er with thy praises ring ;
All things in nature thy presence enjoy.

Spring ! spring ! beautiful spring !
Without thy blessing, nature would die ;
Without thy gladness in every thing,
In vain for earth's increase would autumn sigh.

THE NEW YEAR.

" *Cito pede præterit ætas.*"

O FLEETING Time, how fast thy periods fly !
Gone is another year, a new one 's born ;
As clouds of many forms drift thwart the sky,
And never cease, some low, some high,
From night to morn ;

So all life's time glides on, and, like a dream,
Soon fades. Our years are like to ripples round
Circling, when is moved a stilly, limpid stream;
And for a time they flash and gleam,
Then are not found.

In youth, the years seemed long in growing old,
And Time a laggard—all was bright and gay.
We deemed our strong warm hearts could ne'er grow cold,
And all our life seemed years untold,
To ever stay.

But now, we plainly see, how like a span
Our years. The shifting sands of Time and place
Have giv'n no rest unto the foot of man,
Since He on earth His life began
Its lines to trace.

Like to a charming tale, by twilight told—
Soon told—is life. The longest, as a song
Soon sung; and years the scrolls of fate unfold
So swift, that "new" to-morrow's "old,"
And nought stays long.

As thus years come and go, and pass away,
Let us arise, and work with all our might,
Employ the fleeting moments, whilst we may,
Oft pausing, as these words we say:
"Do I 'the right?'"

And walk this life as harmless as the dove,
Yet ever wary, as a serpent wise;
Viewing our fellows through the veil of love,
Doing "the right," as on we move
Towards the skies.

Then, when Time leaves us stranded on its shore,
And ebbs away, and new years ne'er will come,
The trumpet sound shall say: "Time is no more,
You 'll ne'er 'gain hear its waters roar,"
We 'll be at home.

DARK MEMORIES.

As flit the clouds across the sun-lit sky,
And hide awhile the beauteous light;
Whilst the cool breeze soughs with a mournful sigh,
As if were coming near the night;

And dark clouds gather in the space o'erhead,
A gloomy covering of the sun!
So painful memory's clouds are swiftly sped
O'er the calm mind, expecting none.

And shadows fall, and mem'ry claims to drive
Awhile the sunshine from our heart.
And old, dark memories cruelly with us strive,
Not heeding how oft hot tears start.

A faded flower! a letter creased and worn;
A book! a small, thin lock of hair!
Will often cause dark memories to be born,
And swaddled in the robes of care.

Pull down the blinds, up close the shutters fast:
Sorrow's threads skilfully are wove
By painful memories quickly flitting past,
Shutting out light, as on they move.

May hope soon chase dark memory from our road,
And wipe regretful tears away.
Life, at its best, is oft a heavy load;
So dark thoughts should not long hold sway.

A SONNET.

LIFE is, at the longest, fleeting:
But a shadow, but a span,
Is the longest life of man.
But the tide the shingle meeting,
From the present e'er retreating,
Ebbing, flowing, rising, falling;
Always for what 's not, entreating;
To the misty future calling,
Never satisfied, nor resting,
Grasping all of earth it can.
Full of hopes and fearings groundless;
Sad o'er matters themes for jesting,
Merry o'er its cruel unsoundness;
Till blown in God's winnowing fan.

GLORY.

THE victory 's won! 'Tis well! The foe has fled.
And torn and shattered banners flaunt on high;
Sulphurous smoke dims the pure azure sky;
The flower of manhood on the field lies dead;
The greensward 's with their bleeding corpses spread;
The angel Mercy o'er the scene flies by;
The angel Pity comes, and, with a sigh,
Heartbroken, mourns, where passions thus havè led.
Glory! False Glory! Is it good to kill?
And God's pure essence, Life! so wanton spill?
Ah, Glory! hide thy cursed face in shame;
Gamesters infatuate love thee, and thy name
Is Bubble! baptized in weltering gore:
Thou art a phantom! lurking on Time's shore!

"BELIEVE NOT ALL YOU HEAR."

"*Famae damna majora quam quae aestimari possint.*"—LIVY.

MISTRUST should be like poison held
In every flower, fruit, shrub, and tree:
Harmless as is the flower when smell'd,
Mistrust with all should ever be.
Nothing without some poison 's good,
Mistrust should thus rule every mood;
Should whisper, when a slanderer 's near,
"Pause friend! believe not all you hear!"

With smacking lips, some suck up dry
  Slander's polluted, reeking pool;
Nor see the dank miasm fly
  Off the filth stirred by rogue or fool.
Avernus not so deadly wills,
As he that reputation kills.
Mistrust should say, "The foul mass, fear:
Pause friend! believe not all you hear!"

The dearest friends have parted been
  By harmless words distorted told;
Love's pure, white light changed ghastly green,
  And warmest hearts grown faint and cold:
And lying words have swept away
Long living friendships to decay.
Mistrust's not said, "Doubt well the sneer:
Pause friend! believe not all you hear!"

The sweet abandonment of words,
  'Mongst friends should e'er held sacred be;
Not twisted into scorpion cords,
  So soon as seen 's the absentee,
Of whom the conversation 's been.
Say they, "You should have heard and seen!"
Mistrust should quickly whisper, "Fear!
Pause friend! believe not all you hear!"

Deem him your enemy, who tells
  Injurious words another 's said.
A bubble, by much blowing, swells;
  So a tale grows in memory's glade.

Doubt half you hear: suspicious then
Of other half, one word in ten:
Mistrust says, "Then the truth you'll near:
Pause friend! believe not all you hear!"

"In confidence," some deadly strike.
Foil these dire foes with simple truth;
Say, "Tales I utterly dislike:
What you me tell, I 'll tell, forsooth,
Unto my friend, so soon as we
Shall happen other each to see."
Mistrust says, "That 's the way to steer:
Pause friend! believe not all you hear!"

The peasant, courtier, rich, and poor,
Their equal load have had to bear;
For slander creeps to every door,
And heavier ladeth every care.
Desirous to retain your friend,
Attention ne'er to "He said," lend.
Heed Mistrust, whispering in your ear,
"Pause friend! believe not all you hear!"

GOUT.

IN MEMORIAM.

"*Horresco referens.*"—VIRGIL.

GOUT, Gout! O, you most horrible gout!
Miserable thing,—what are you about?
Oh! me! Ha, ha!—Oh!—that was a pain:
I pray, I may ne'er feel its like again.
Ha! Surely, red-hot pincers are griping my toe,
And wrenching it off my foot. Oh, Oh!
It could not burn more in a blazing fire.
Oh, Oh-h-h! I shall—ah!—rising 's my ire.
Who e'er can bear, patiently, pain like this?
Good!—still for a moment—this is bliss.
Horrible gout! You 've been torturing all day—
I 'm glad—no!—worse and worse! Have mercy, pray!
Keep off, keep off! Oh! what a twinge!
The very wool on my toe will singe.
"Ought to be cool, seeing snow 's on the ground!"
Why, the fearful pain makes my blood to bound
Like liquid fire through every vein.
Leave—leave me, I pray!—come never again;
But visit those folks who laugh at the gout.
Oh, how I could laugh to hear them shout!

THE BRAVE BOY.

I 'LL tell you what happened, as I on my bed lay,
My body not wearied or tired.
When thoughts, save of triumph, I 'd bade far away;
For I much my great boldness admired.
I smiled, as came o'er me about young Harry White,
The model of goodness, whom I 'd taunted to fight,
What a poor show he 'd made that day.

I remembered, my schoolfellows all called me brave,
As o'er him in triumph I stood;
For Harry, the beaten, was only a knave;
It was I was "the Brave," and "the Good."
And young Harry, "the sneak." 'T was I made him fight,
'Cause he thought it so grand to do just what was right.
A mean cur, he 'll go to his grave.

I soon went to sleep, and I dreamèd that night,
My bravery was to make me a king;
And old Father Time almost dazzled my sight,
As he bade many *my* praises sing.
And he said, and his voice sounded soft in its tone,
"They tell me you are brave; come then, sit on this throne."
I smiled: 't was a wonderful thing.

"Now you see," said Old Time, as we passed many by,
"There are crowns for the bold and the brave.
Was your bravery this: YOU DARE NOT TELL A LIE,
No matter what trouble it would save?"
Then my courage was gone, and I slunk from his sight;
And I saw that he beckoned up young Harry White;
While I trembled as if I should die.

And he said, that the brave ones are those who do right,
And fear e'en the thoughts of a lie:
The poor brutes which perish are bold in the fight;
But such as these shall not sit "on high."
And thousands Harry's praises sang out, it did seem.
I woke with a start. It had been only a dream;
And I asked Harry's pardon that night.

WEALTH.

THINK not that the wealthy have no cares,
To "grow rich"—the chiefest end by far.
There's no one living but some sorrow bears:
'Tis not the wealthiest the happiest are,
And not the poorest! Ay, no state is free
From sorrow and care; *and God orders so:*
Orders that happiness many should see,
That little or nothing of riches know;

While he who 's sheltered from poverty's blasts
Has a gnawing cankerworm in his heart,
Not always; yet wealth but for this life lasts,
While from us happiness *may never* part.
Wealth cannot our loved ones save
From the cold grave;
Nor soothe the simplest pain that's born,
Nor hasten morn,
When nights of grief o'erwhelm the soul
Beyond control.
Wealth *cannot* bribe sorrow and care
Out of man's lot.
Wealth *can* buy all the earth doth bear,
But it cannot
Fill the vacant chair that no more
Will hold our love;
Or heal the stricken heart that's sore,
Nor care remove.
Oh, for a heart bounding in the flush of health!
Of far more value is this than wealth.
Oh, for my loved ones to smile on me!
And not a vacant place to be
In the chambers where I cherish them so!
Oh, that my dear ones I for years may see,
With the pulse of life beating free,
And may come not near us the clouds of woe
That hover o'er some! Hush! lest our bliss
Be snatched away by the Angel of Death!
Lest you, or me, in his way he may kiss,
And so steal from us our panting breath.

Wealth cannot bribe sorrow and care
Out of man's lot.
Wealth can buy all the earth doth bear,
But it cannot
Fill the vacant chair, nor dry up our tears,
Balm pour on our hearts, nor hush our fears!
But *the hope* of a meeting-place in heaven!
This *hope can* our sorrows in mercy leaven.
Hush! nothing happens to us by chance,
Not even the hurling of Death's keen lance.

THE END.

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